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Vol. I.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1901.

No. 1.

CONTAINING THE  
**MYSTERIES**  
OF

**DREAMS,** *and their Meaning*

**GLORIFIED VISIONS**

**OCCULT POWERS**

**ASTROLOGY**

**HYPNOTISM**

**PSYCHOLOGY**

**TELEPATHY**

**PSYCHOMETRY**

**MAGNETISM**

**CLAIRVOYANCE**

**GRAPHOLOGY**

**PALMISTRY**

**HIDDEN POWERS**

**Etc., Etc., Etc.**



## The New York Magazine of Mysteries

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Address all letters to

THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.

### May

In blossoms fair the fields appear,  
With balmy air sweet May is here.  
—From the German of Ofen.

MAY owes its name to the Roman goddess Maia, the graceful daughter of Atlas and Pleione.

The hawthorn, emblematic of hope, and the emerald, of faithfulness, belong to May, while Amriel is the guardian genius.

### Free Character Delineations

In each issue of this magazine the reader will find departments on Palmistry, Astrology, Psychometry and Graphology.

In these different departments we print each month free character delineations.

Read each department and send for a free delineation.

### The Powerful English Language

THE great adepts, seers and sages of the Orient and Occident have long said that the universal and most powerful language in the future will be the English; that the really powerful and forceful peoples of this planet will be the English-speaking peoples; that in time older nations will practically abandon their languages and adopt the English. Only recently, according to a communication received at the State Department at Washington from Consul-General Guenther, at Frankfurt, Emperor William has decreed that the English language shall take the place of French in the high schools of the German Empire. The French language will hereafter be an optional study.

### When Marriage Is Not a Drawback

THIS is what a young lady is reported recently to have said, *apropos* of marriage: "Well, no, I don't know if I would marry for money alone; but if a man had plenty of money, allied to a sweet disposition, and a mustache that curled at both ends, and nice blue eyes, and a social position; if he had a distinguished status in a profession, or even as a merchant, and his father was rich and his mother and sisters aristocratic, and he wanted to marry me, and he would promise to let me have my own way in everything, and keep me liberally supplied with money, and have a splendidly furnished town house and a handsome country residence, was liberal about diamonds and other gems, also about the milliner, never grumbling, and I really and truly loved him, I shouldn't consider marriage a drawback."

### His Idea of It

THE celebrated New York City preacher, Dr. Parkhurst, says: "Oh, what a world this would be if the perseverance of the saints were made of as enduring stuff as the perseverance of the sinners."

### The Oldest Belief

THE belief in the eternal existence of man's soul is as old as mankind itself.—*Strabo*.

As rain breaks through an ill-thatched house, passion will break through an unreflecting mind. As rain does not break through a well-thatched house, passion will not break through a well-reflecting mind.—*Buddha*.

## \$250,000,000 Made in Less Than Fifty Years

ANDREW CARNEGIE, A MARVEL OF BUSINESS SUCCESS

HERE is the life record of Andrew Carnegie at a glance, as told by himself:

Born November 25, 1837, Dunfermline, Scotland.

Came to the United States 1848, aged eleven years.

First position, bobbin boy in linen factory; then engine boy on small stationary engine. Wages, \$1.20 per week.

Messenger boy with Ohio Telegraph Company at fourteen years old. Salary, \$2.50 per week.

Became telegraph operator at salary of \$25 per month. Was one of the first telegraph operators to receive messages by sound instead of by tape.

Became operator in Pennsylvania Railroad employ and remained with road thirteen years, becoming division superintendent.

First investment—Introducing sleeping cars into railroad service.

During the war in charge of Government telegraph service. Was on battlefield at Bull Run in charge of telegraph lines.

After war invested in oil wells, purchasing farm at \$40,000 which was soon worth \$5,000,000.

Subsequently started iron bridge building works. Gradually acquired control of steel industry in United States.

Estimated wealth, \$250,000,000. Has given away for educational purposes alone, \$20,731,865.

### A Prediction

AT every hand we see such growth, expansion and development in inventions that we are prepared for almost any astounding announcement. Here in the great city of New York we see many marvelous changes and improved methods all the time. It will not be long before there will be no more horses on our streets. The horse is too slow and cumbersome for either rapid or economical transit. This city is full of the most magnificent automobiles which flit about with ease and great speed.

Listen to the serious prophecy of the consulting engineer of a large motor vehicle company in this city, made before the New York Electrical Society:

There are now in New York about 4,000 vehicles of the automobile type and about 400,000 horse-drawn vehicles. I will predict that in a few years notices will be posted to the effect that no horses are allowed upon the streets of New York, street cars will disappear, and the sidewalks will be elevated so that pedestrians will not be in the way of the electric, gasoline or steam vehicles that will then be in use.

### A Very Moral Man

THERE'S So-and-So, a moral man,  
And all who know him, know it;  
He strives to do the best he can,  
And strives his best to show it.

He never stole in all his life,  
And he's prepared to prove it;  
He knew of gold within a safe,  
But hadn't strength to move it.

He's proud of his integrity,  
He's honest to the letter,  
His lips would scorn to tell a lie—  
When truth would pay him better.

If e'er he loves, he's moral then,  
Nor lets his passion fret him;  
He never kissed his neighbor's wife—  
Because she wouldn't let him.

### Love's Stimulus

THE empty plaudits of the world  
Are naught, my love, to me;  
More precious far is one sweet word  
Of whispered praise from thee.

Let critics scorn with bitter spleen  
The best that I can do;  
It will not pain if there be not  
A word of blame from you.

Mere gold shall be a poor reward  
When I my course have run,  
If from your lips I shall not hear  
My great reward—"Well done!"

If thou wilt stand beside me, love,  
And smile upon my toil,  
Against the frown of all the world  
Thy smile shall be my foil.

"THE Occult Power of Amassing Wealth" will be the title of a very interesting article in next month's issue of this magazine.

## Professor Asserts Adam and Eve were Chinese

PROF. JAMES E. BURTON, a former Cornell University student, Ithaca, N. Y., who has just returned from Egypt, believes, he says, that Adam and Eve were Chinese.

He is to become a member of the faculty of the New York University. Until three months ago Mr. Burton was connected with the Department of Antiquities of the Egyptian Government. He has made a thorough research in the department, with which he was identified for four years, and now declares he can prove that the Chinese were the first race to inhabit the earth and that the Garden of Eden was located in China.

He will prove this, he says, in a series of articles in the American magazines.

"I am fully convinced," he said, "that I will create a sensation in the literary world, but I am prepared to support my assertion with the bald facts. The whole of the history of Egypt, as it has been written, is wrong, and I may say, for that matter, that the whole history of mankind itself is wrong."

### Love's Allegory

From the *Elmira Telegram*

HE

You are gladness, you are sunshine,  
You are happiness—I trow  
You are all to me, my darling,  
That is lovely here below.

SHE

You are splendor, you are glory,  
You are handsome, you are true;  
All there is this side of heaven  
I behold, my love, in you.

HER PA

I am lightning, I am thunder,  
I'm a roaring cataract;  
I am earthquakes and volcanoes,  
And I'll demonstrate the fact!

### The Power of Music

SOMEONE has aptly said that music is the universal language of the world. Certainly it is understood wherever uttered. It soothes and inspires all nations, and there is nothing more healthful or helpful than good music.

All peoples of the world do not get enough good music. There is nothing more refining than music, and those who contribute in any degree, manner or form in putting forth music are benefactors of mankind.

Joy, peace, hope, contentment and happiness are produced by music.

The more music we have the better the world will be. Therefore, all people of wealth should be liberal patrons of the art of music. It is an art that influences the very lowest types of humanity and lifts the soul up to higher realms.

### To You

ONE of the objects of this magazine is to encourage and inspire individuals. The adepts and psychic mystics who edit it are cheerful, hopeful beings who relentlessly fight pessimism and are disciples of the so-called New Thought doctrine. It will ever be a helpful periodical to enterprising thinkers and aspirants to a higher and better life. The editors and publisher earnestly desire to be in close touch with our large and growing family of readers. We wish you to feel that we are interested in you, and we want you to be interested in us. Write us fully at any time on any personal matter, and we will gladly help you to unravel any problem that is puzzling you. We will be pleased to have you become a regular subscriber for one year at our special low price of only 25 cents for the whole year. This liberal offer is open only to June 1. Send your subscription to-day.

MAN'S progress lies in both spirituality and intellectuality. There cannot be even progress in him unless both sides are developed proportionately.—*K. Narayanasamy Iyer*.

PEOPLE may feel together, even when they cannot think or believe alike, and there may be "difference of administration" and yet "the same spirit." The brotherhood of man transcends all the "isms."—*The Theosophist*.

GOOD nature is that benevolent and amiable temper of mind which disposes us to feel the misfortunes and enjoy the happiness of others; and, consequently, pushes us on to promote the latter and prevent the former; and that without any abstract contemplation on the beauty of virtue and without the allurements or terrors of religion.—*Balzac*.



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# THE NEW YORK Magazine of Mysteries

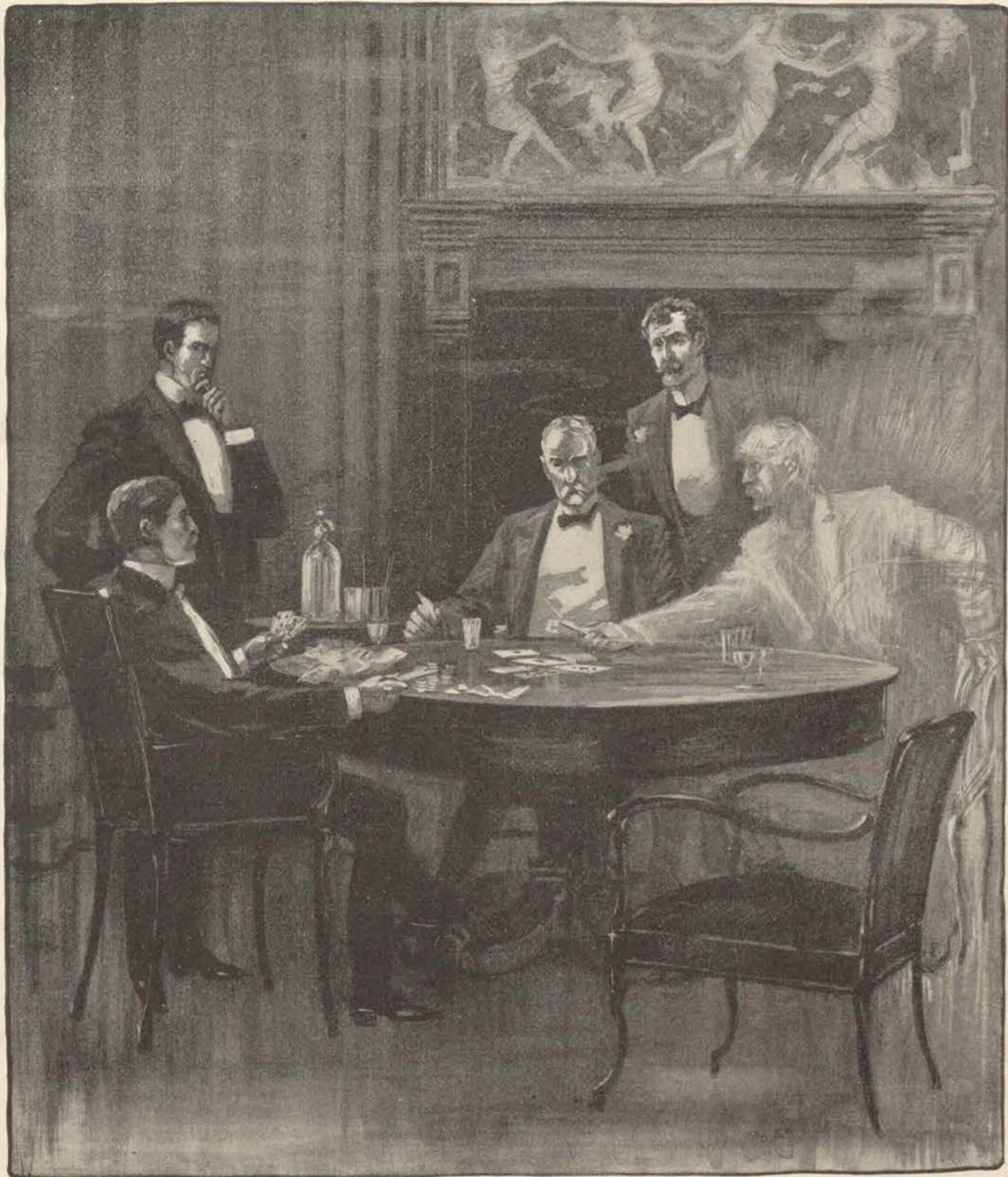
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Vol. I.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1901.

No. 1.

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"A SPIRIT HELPED ME WIN BACK MY FORTUNE."  
(See next page.)



## A SPIRIT HELPED ME WIN BACK MY FORTUNE

## MY LAST GAMBLE

**H**E was a hungry, desperate-looking man, one I felt I should not care to meet in the part I had just come from—the drear, lonely road to Klondike. But in a well-populated street in New York no such fears troubled me, and I looked him full in the face as I passed by.

One fact struck me as odd. Although almost in rags, and bearing every sign of abject poverty, the breast-pin stuck in his shabby cravat was bright and yellow, and had the appearance of being genuine gold. In shape it was square, and in the centre was a raised heart!

"That's a pretty pin," I said, slowly; "and I guess it's real stuff. I don't mind giving you sixty dollars for it on chance."

I could have bet my life that he would jump at the offer, which I had made partly out of good nature, inspired by the utter desolation in his whole air and attitude, but to my surprise he only replied, with a queer kind of laugh:

"Not if you made it six hundred, mister. I've kept it all these years, and it shall stay with me now to the end—which isn't far off."

I looked at him blankly, and he stared moodily at the ground. There was something in the business which I didn't understand—it must be a pretty strong reason which made a man choose to die from starvation rather than sell a gold pin.

"It's going to the grave with me, mister," he said, doggedly; "and a good thing, too; it's never brought me anything but bad luck—but I said I'd never part with it, and I won't; so, thanking you all the same, we don't trade this deal."

"Well, it shall bring you luck this time if it never did before," I said, taking the sixty dollars I had offered for it from my pocket-book and handing it to him. "I respect a man who can keep his word. There you are; perhaps it's the turn in the tide."

"It's too late for that; maybe she's dead, and I'm going the same way! But—but the money will help me along toward seeing her once again, if she's alive; and—thank you."

A month later I was riding through a pine-wood settlement on my way home when I came across a group of angry, excited men dragging a poor wretch with them bound with cords, and being hurried toward the nearest extempore gibbet.

"What's up?" I asked, drawing rein; "pretty serious, I guess, by the look of things."

"Serious for this skunk, I allow," replied Jem Blinker, indignantly. "Last day of June he murdered Joe Smith's widow, and made off with the dust."

"Sure of your man, I reckon—?"

"Dead sure. Three witnesses swore to him. Judge Lynch can't wait any longer—so—"

As they dragged the wretch on a few paces the sun suddenly struck on something bright at his neck, and with sudden interest I bent forward and recognized the pin, and a second later the ne'er-do-well I had assisted in New York.

"There is some mistake," I said, earnestly. "You say this man murdered Joe Smith's widow on the last day of June—now, I'm prepared to swear that on that date this man was lounging outside Ferraro's gambling saloon just near the Chinese quarter, and—"

"Sakes alive—an alibi! Why, the durned chap swore he was in New York, and if you back him up, Dick St. Leger—why, I allow there's something in it."

Speedily we put back to the nearest inn and reopened the case. I proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that they had hold of the wrong man. Whatever sins he had committed, he couldn't be in New York and in the pine-wood settlement on the same evening, seeing they were thousands of miles apart; so he was released, and the boys, anxious to atone for their blunder, hurriedly made a collection and offered it for his acceptance.

"I'd have given you the pin, mate," he said to me in a low tone, as he trudged a few paces by my side, "if it hadn't been I'd passed my word to her I'd come back and bring it with me. You see, her idea was that, if I kept that during the time we were

parted, I shouldn't have been very hard up. It's cards have ruined me—it was born in my blood, and many a time she's gone on her knees to me to beg me to give 'em up. I couldn't, though, and she chose this pin to make me remember her words, but she'll forget all the trouble I've brought her when I walk in and she sees the pin."

"Wife or sweetheart?"

"Mother," he said, curtly; "one of the best a fellow ever had. Well, you've done me two good turns, mate; it's mine next round—shake!"

I shook his hand, feeling again that vague regret for a wasted life, and then, standing still, I watched him out of sight.

Five years it took me to make my pile. One bright beacon was before me all those years, a girl's face, with sweet, gray eyes and low-toned voice, whispering in my ear:

"Yes, indeed, Richard, I will be true—true to your memory, even if I never see your face again."

Her people had forbidden any correspondence between us, and no one else knew our little romance, so it fell out that no line or word passed between us during all those years. One hundred thousand dollars was the extent of my fortune.

I was no gambler, either by habit or inclination, but on the liner coming home the play was rather high. Time hung heavy on one's hands, and, like most other men, I took a hand at "nap" or poker most evenings (some of them played all day), and I was considerably startled on totting up my losses on reaching Liverpool to find myself a loser by \$10,000.

"Give you your revenge any time you like," laughed Korner, the man who had won all along the line; "not only you, St. Leger, but any other of these gentlemen who feel that fortune has been hard upon them. Come, that's a fair offer."

"Thanks! I've had enough," I replied, dryly, but two other fellows named Taylor and Bresci eagerly accepted the offer, and tried to persuade me to do likewise.

"It's a game of chance—bound to level up sooner or later," they urged me, privately; "why sit down under such a heavy loss?"

"That's the gambler's motto," I replied. "But I was surprised you two fellows came out losers—I felt dead certain you'd won largely."

But it seemed they hadn't, by their statements, and I earnestly advised them to cut it for good. We parted at Liverpool Docks. I rushed up to London, and not being overburdened with luggage called at Eaton Square on the Villiers (Ida's people) on the way to my hotel.

Great changes had taken place there, I soon discovered; her father and brother dead (it was the first time I had heard of the latter's existence), and Ida with her mother was in Paris.

I instantly made up my mind that I would go there, when, as I left the house, who should be walking past but my ci-devant acquaintance, Bresci, who was intensely surprised at the rencontre, and inquired if I lived in those parts.

"No," I informed him; and for the present my home would be Paris—I was leaving for that place by the night boat.

By some strange coincidence he happened to be doing precisely the same thing, so we arranged to dine and travel together so long as our business lay in the same route. Once in Paris—with which he was pleasantly familiar—I abandoned myself to his guidance; we drove to a certain hotel, and for a day or two we fraternized very agreeably indeed.

He was evidently an ingrained gambler, for he would have simply haunted various gambling dens if I would only have accompanied him, but in that I was very firm. I loved Ida too well to risk losing her at this stage of affairs.

Then, when we had been together about a week, my inquiries at the Grand Hôtel were successful. Madame Villiers and her daughter were expected to leave there on the following day, in consequence of which I gayly informed Bresci that on the morrow I should bid him adieu. I was returning with friends

to England. He professed his regret, especially as he had had a telegram from his rich uncle, from whom he had great expectations, which necessitated his leaving me for a short time.

"But I will cut my visit short—postpone the real interview until to-morrow," he said; "for we must dine and spend our last evening together, since we may part forever."

I agreed to this arrangement, but he returned shortly after six o'clock to bring me an invitation from his uncle, Le Comte de Pallete, to join him at dinner that evening at his hotel.

As Bresci explained rather ruefully that he was afraid in any case he must accept, and urged me to sacrifice myself for a few hours, I finally consented to accompany him, as I had no other friends near, and Paris is a wilderness to a stranger when alone.

The Count's hotel was a magnificently appointed one, some distance from my own, and, as Bresci had informed me, he looked old and feeble. We had an exceptionally good dinner, both viands and wine being the best of their kind. Had I not naturally been a temperate man I fancy the latter would have been too much for me—as it was, I felt strangely light-headed and unusually reckless by the time the meal was concluded.

The coffee afterward, instead of steadying me, only seemed to intensify my condition.

Then we wandered into the billiard-room and watched a game or two, then into a room where there were a number of small tables at which people were playing cards, and the next minute who should come up to us but Korner and Taylor, and in a very short time they had persuaded Bresci to have his revenge there and then, and, very weakly, he consented.

Bresci privately whispered to me to stay and see fair play.

Just when or how I sat down and took part in the game I never knew—nor how long, nor what we played, nor the stakes!

If I had been in my proper senses I should have suspected a "plant" the instant that Korner and Taylor appeared on the scene, but I was just sufficiently muddled to fall into the trap, yet sufficiently sober to sit up at the table, play my own hand after a fashion, and to take out my well-filled wallet crammed with bank-notes to the amount of \$50,000. The stakes became heavier and heavier—my wallet thinner and thinner!

It was "nap" we were playing then, and, realizing dimly the issues involved, I felt a sudden sick desperation come over me—the first gleam of returning soberness, which the rest of the party were quick to detect, and they pressed liqueurs and cigars freely upon me, which I rejected fiercely, and pressed my hand to my head to try and clear away the dazed feeling from my brain.

"It's a good haul," said Korner's voice, in a very low tone; "if you'd only found out how much he has, Bresci."

I was quite sober then. The shock had done it, I think. Someone had mentioned their share would be \$20,000 each, with an extra sum for Bresci, the decoy. It meant I was beggared—that my five years' hard work had melted away in a few hours, and Ida was farther from me than ever.

Then someone roused me, and sitting up again, the cards were dealt out and the play went on. With this difference—whereas before we had been four players, now we were five—the newcomer was seated between Korner and Bresci, exactly facing me.

A strange feeling had come over me—I was like one in a trance or a dream, and mechanically went through my part. When it was my turn to deal I dealt for five, at which there was a laugh, as someone told me only four were playing. When I would have contradicted this statement my lips seemed suddenly sealed—I could not speak. I was awake, sober, but felt like a puppet in the hands of its owner.

The play went on—the tide had turned. I was winning—winning largely. A cold perspiration broke out on Korner's brow; he seemed sorely perplexed, and some inner knowledge told me I was one honest man pitted against three unscrupulous card-sharps of the worst type.



That still, silent, unseen fifth player stretched out a spectre hand at intervals—touched some card, shuffled some pack, guided my play, opened my eyes, and the bank-notes came back thick and fast, as we sat with white, set faces, playing for terrific stakes.

I was fighting for Ida, for love, for the lost five years of my life, and I was winning them back. Then a voice which sounded like mine, but which, as I wasn't conscious of speaking, must have been someone else's, rigidly insisted on their own promise to give me my "revenge," and the crowd of onlookers murmured approval.

Fifty thousand dollars were in my wallet, five thousand more just won, waiting payment, when a voice, which again sounded like mine, but which couldn't have been, said:

"Double or quits—any game you like—and money on the table—double or quits."

"Done," whispered Korner, with white lips. "I take you—double or quits—nap"—you and I—against each other—and the first 'nap' takes it—or ends the game."

Taylor and Bresci rose from the table and stood up behind our respective chairs, while Korner shuffled and I cut the cards. It was a duel to the death, and we played in silence.

Gradually—very gradually—the shadowy figure at the table became more and more visible, and the features seemed dimly familiar to me, then something bright and glowing caught my eye; it was a gold breast-pin in the centre of which was the ace of hearts.

Again and again the shadowy hands hovered over Korner's cards, and the knowledge was borne in upon me that the spectre was righting the wrong—sorting out the secreted cards, seeing fair play—and the game went on.

Then a sudden brilliancy caught my eye—it was the breast-pin, and on the heart was written in phosphorescent letters the one word, "Nap."

Mechanically I picked up my hand—it consisted of the ace, eight, seven of spades, the nine of diamonds, and the seven of hearts.

Hardly a "nap" hand when \$50,000 was at stake, yet it was my call, and from my stiff lips came the one word, "Nap!"

If I failed to get "nap" the game would be ended and he would still have secured a handsome sum as the result of his evening's work.

I led off with the ace of spades, to which he played the king. My trick. I followed with the eight of spades, on which he played the king of clubs. My trick. My next lead was the seven of spades, and he hesitated, then put down the ace of diamonds. My trick.

Then, before I had decided which card to play, the nine of diamonds sprang out of my hand on to the table, and I saw Korner's face twitch violently—if he had only held the ace of that suit one minute longer the \$50,000 would have been his. While he looked slowly at his two remaining cards, reluctant to part with either, yet compelled to make a choice, the shadowy hand came forth with swift decision, snatched the ace of hearts, and threw it on the table.

We both breathed heavily as we looked in each other's faces; then slowly, very slowly, I laid down the seven of hearts, and with a snarl like a disappointed wild beast he sprang to his feet and rushed from the room, while with trembling hands I picked up the stakes—my own hard-won money—and placed them in my wallet.

"Quits," breathed a voice in my ear, but on turning quickly round I saw no one there.

I have never since that night touched a card or indulged in the mildest form of gambling.

I saw the Villiers at their hotel on the following day. Ida received me joyfully with open arms, faithful and true as she had promised; and Mrs. Villiers, who alone of the family had always been my friend, yielded a glad consent.

On my wedding morning a sealed packet came for me bearing a foreign post-mark. Inside was the mysterious breast-pin, with a brief intimation that the owner had died on the last night of June of that year, and desired the pin to be forwarded to Dick St. Leger—his one friend in time of sore need.

The handwriting was a woman's—was it that of his broken-hearted mother? I think so; though she was dead before I received an answer to my acknowledgment of the gift.

The oddest part of the whole affair was that the date of my last gamble at the Paris hotel was the last night of June of that year, and the hour of my unknown friend's death was identical with the time at which I saw him seat himself at the card-table and steer me to victory in my last gamble. [THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES will print each month occult stories from the pens of adepts. Several striking and startling stories will be published next month.—EDITOR.]

## Telepathy, Psychometry and Clairvoyance

From Occult Review of Reviews

TELEPATHY—ITS CONDITIONS AND MEANING



**N**ATURALNESS is more interesting than that of thought transference. Telepathy, to the casual investigator, stands for two simple modes of mental action—the reception and projection of thought—but to the experienced mental medium telepathy has a far deeper meaning, being a synonym for harmonic power, a condition of complete sympathy with the great magnetic forces of nature. This is a state of development in which mental healing, prophetic vision, clairaudience and clairvoyance are present actualities, not dim possibilities.

To the expert telepathist the motives, the secret intentions of those within the radii of thought touch are clearly revealed—the spiritual discernment recognizing no barrier, no material being so opaque that the light of pure vision will not penetrate it.

Effect naturally follows cause, therefore the higher states of sensitiveness are simply the result of pure causes. This order of cause and effect cannot be reversed, yet some investigators attempt to secure effect (great mental sensitiveness) before due consideration of cause (purity of mind and body).

Naturalness—a strict observance of the laws of nature—is conducive to spirituality. Spirituality—aspiration for the higher and better—renders sensitiveness possible. Sensitiveness is the solid foundation upon which mediumship is built. Natural foods—vegetables, grains, fruits, water and milk—tend to refine the material magnetism by purifying as well as nourishing the physical body, therefore, all who would be physically as well as spiritually pure will find that a vegetable diet will do wonders toward increasing the pleasure of living.

When the spirit gains absolute mastery of its physical encasement and is able to control its passions at any and all times, the first true step is taken in the evolutionary march to soul power. When this important beginning is thoroughly accomplished, then only pure, true, aspiring thoughts should be entertained in order to become sensitive to the finer etheric vibrations, which formerly did not reach the soul beneficially, owing to the opaqueness of the magnetic aura.

The finer ether, in time, becomes visible to the inner, or spiritual vision, and if the investigator be eagerly interested in the development of soul power he soon learns to use etheric vibration telepathically—learns that well-defined thought, when vibrated upon either by soul or will force, instantly impresses the sensitive, receptive mind to whom it is directed, though hundreds of miles of space intervened.

I asked the spirits, with loving care,  
And with mind not creed-bound,  
To guide me to the sphere where  
True soul power could be found.

The spirits said: "Nature giveth you  
Purity and strength—what more is ours?  
Even the tiny drops of dew  
Manifest mediumistic powers.

"We descend and, as of old,  
We walk with souls apart,  
Keeping the promise, as foretold,  
With all the pure in heart."

## Death Message Came Ere Telegraph Could Bring It

MARVELOUS PREMONITION CAUSED CHURCH SINGER'S COLLAPSE AT THE MOMENT OF SISTER'S DEATH

AT Cleveland, O., while rendering a song at the Trinity Congregational Church recently, Mrs. W. A. Langdon, a noted singer, stopped suddenly and left the platform with tears streaming down her face. She was assisted to the dressing-room by her husband, where she burst into hysterical crying.

"Something awful has happened," she moaned. Her husband tried to soothe her and to assure her there was nothing wrong, but she was unable to resume her singing.

She was taken to her hotel in a carriage, and there received a telegram from Asheville, N. C., announcing the death of her sister. Mrs. Langdon left the platform at 9.05 o'clock, the exact moment that her sister expired.

"This was either a telepathic message sent by the dying sister, or else the spirit of the dying body sped immediately at release from the body to Mrs. Langdon, or some other kindly spirit conveyed the message," says one of our adept editors. We will be pleased to print any similar accounts which our readers may send in.—EDITOR.]

WHEN all else is lost, the future remains.—  
Bovee.

## Clairvoyance a Science



**A**T the recent hearing given the eminent Rev. Moses Hull, pastor of the First Spiritualistic Church of Buffalo, by the New York Senate Committee on Codes in opposition to the Wagner bill prohibiting clairvoyance, palmists and fortune-tellers from practicing their arts, Mr. Hull made the statement to a reporter of the Buffalo Review that clairvoyance belongs among the sciences, and not among the miracles.

After giving some illustrations regarding the theory of sight and sound, he says:

"Now, as some people do not hear all sounds made, may not others hear that which we do not normally hear, and see sights we don't see? Twenty years ago the X-ray was not known. Perhaps we do not understand it yet, or probably we would not call it that now, because X is an unknown quantity. It is no brighter than the rays we daily see, yet by the X-ray I have read my Bible through an inch plank. Men have photographed bullets in other men's bodies. This simply proves that the X-ray is made up of vibrations to which the board is not opaque, as glass is not opaque to the ordinary rays of light.

NOTABLE CASES OF CLAIRVOYANCE

"Clairvoyance, then, demonstrates that people can see at great distances—also that they can sometimes see events and the causes that produced them, and thus Emmanuel Swedenborg, one of the greatest scholars and most profound men of the eighteenth century, acknowledged by all, saw the city of Stockholm burning, described every particular of the fire, and he was several hundred miles away from the fire. This fact is vouched for by William Hewitt, the Hon. Robert Dale Owen and others. Captain Yount, of Napa Village, Cal., saw people perishing in snowdrifts over fifty miles away, and heard them pray and call for help. He raised an army of fifty men and went to their aid in Carson Valley Pass, and saved them. Jacob, when he was dying, foretold the history of his twelve sons. One, who is called a man of God, came to Eli, in the second chapter of the book of Samuel, and the death of his two sons and himself was foretold, all of which came true.

"This is what we call clairvoyant power.

NO CASE FOR LEGISLATION

"Now, all we claim is that persons possessing this supernatural power shall have the privilege of exercising it; that there are frauds pretending to practice clairvoyance there is no doubt, but that is no more reason for us to legislate against clairvoyants than the fact of existence of counterfeit money should cause us to legislate against money. People who deceive in that way should be punished under a general law, the same as rogues. We are Spiritualists, and regard this law as a law directed against us, and a system of persecution. We say, as Paul did, there is a natural man and there is a spiritual man. As the natural man has the sense of sight, hearing and touch, so the spiritual man has all these senses. The sense corresponding to our sense of sight is called clairvoyance, the French word signifying clear seeing. The sense of spiritual hearing we call clairaudience. The sense of spiritual touch we call psychometry. These senses, we believe, can be developed by individuals, and are sometimes, while they still live in the mortal body. This law if enacted will not prevent them from using these senses, but may prevent them from telling what they see, and the progress of the world may be set back."

## A Voice From the Grave

SOME spirits do return, according to Mary Blossom, in Everybody's Magazine. In 1892, a young man who had been a friend of Dr. Hodgson, and who was keenly interested in all intellectual pursuits, met a sudden death in New York City. Four weeks later he made himself known through Mrs. Piper's trance, identified himself to the thorough satisfaction of parents and intimate friends, and has since rendered much assistance to other "communicators." He is referred to, for descriptive purposes, as "G. P."

The holiest of all holidays are those  
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart,  
The secret anniversaries of the heart,  
When the full river of feeling overflows.  
—Longfellow.

CIRCUMSTANCES! I make circumstances.  
—Napoleon.

SELF-REVERENCE, self-knowledge, self-control. These three alone lead life to sovereign power.—Tennyson.





Now is the time to look for a four leaf clover. According to old tradition, luck approaches everyone at least once. But according to the opinions of the greatest seers and sages of modern times, everyone can be lucky at any time by keeping up courage and a cheerful spirit.

If you hunt for a four leaf clover in the right way you will be sure to find one, and it will bring you luck. Here is the rule laid down by YOGIANANDA an adept Hindu Yogi: Go forth, dear brother or sister, in the bright green fields, with joy and gladness in your heart and soul, feeling that it is really good fortune to live in such a good and beautiful world as this is. Search patiently and diligently for the four leaf clover, with your mind free from doubt and fear. In a while you will be successful in finding one. This you must treasure. Contemplate it with admiration and delight. Think of the wonderful power that can create the beautiful leaves and flowers and all nature. Certainly if this higher power can create the four beautiful leaves of the clover and care for it, the same power will care for you, for are you not equally as wonderful in construction as the little four leaf clover? Searching in the fields on a sunshiny day for four leaf clovers, with such grand thoughts in your mind, will attract to you certain occult forces that will make you fortunate and happy.

Luck cannot be bought; it comes unexpected. Old tradition has it that the finding of a four leaf clover is a sure omen of good luck coming. Anyway, it will do anyone a whole lot of good to get out into the pure, bracing air of the fields and hunt for a four leaf clover.

### Golden Fortune Often Comes to Us Unexpectedly

Who can tell when fair Fortune will smile on us?

Never lose courage! Never give up! Here is the story of how riches were unexpectedly showered on a seamstress, long needy.

It was stitch, stitch, stitch from early morn till late at night, and even with her industriously plied needle Miss Mary Ann Kelly, seamstress, could eke out but a scant living. Because her work was neatly performed she obtained plenty of employment from some of the best families in Flushing, N. Y., where she lives. She never married, and her years had passed the two-score mark.

Years ago her uncle, Patrick Kelly, emigrated from Ireland to Australia, and there amassed a fortune, immense for him.

Miss Kelly was fretting over an unfinished garment recently one Sunday night, when a cablegram was delivered at her door. It read:

"Your uncle Patrick is dead. Leaves immense fortune. You only heir known. Communicate at once."

The message, flashed from Melbourne, bore the name of a firm of lawyers.

No one can tell what a day may bring forth. The unexpected often happens.

### Fortitude

If the battle goes against you,  
And your foes upon you press,  
Do not yield your weapons to them;  
Give not voice to your distress.  
Up again and wage new battle;  
Up again and strike fresh blows;  
You may yet come off triumphant,  
You may win the fight—who knows?

Naught you'll gain by idle weeping—  
Tears but add to your distress.  
If the wicked world has wronged you  
At its hands, then seek redress.  
Bring to your assistance courage,  
And the fight again begin,  
Knowing industry and valor  
In the end will surely win.

—Arthur J. Burdick, in Los Angeles Herald.

### Lincoln's Plan

ABRAHAM LINCOLN said: Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.

### Startling Messages From the Spirit World

THE newspapers and eminent thinkers are much interested in Mr. H. A. Buddington's recent books containing messages he has received from the spirit world.

This gentleman lives in Springfield, Mass., and in his books he gives reports of apparently truthful and intelligent spirits which have been made to him at various times concerning the nature of death, and what follows.

Certainly the reading of his books awakens a desire to investigate spirit return, and if what is stated is true it certainly will emancipate the mind from the gloomy view of death, which darkens the future of millions of the human race.

If any of our readers have ever had any experiences in talking with their departed friends, we will be pleased to have them send us a brief account of the same.

From the messages received by Mr. Buddington he finds that the future that awaits us on the other side of the world is very beautiful. He says, among other things: Here in these celestial realms no sorrow ever enters, no sickness, no worry. Life, life, beautiful life, pulses through every heart. Exalting inspirations, profound thoughts, are constant companions. Nature, with her myriad secrets, opens her book, and the keen student of these supernal realms can find happiness for aeons of time in reading her treasures of knowledge. To such transcendent beings the memory of earth life is like a fading dream. Nothing is garnered up from its trials but the lessons of wisdom that it taught.

We shall live on and on, developing into marvelous beauty of form, brilliancy of mind and tenderness of heart; still always young in vigor, our spirit bodies continually refining. The soul increases in power from age to age.

We shall behold the mighty suns of the stellar universe, and floating upon the ether currents sail off into the abysses of space, passing planet after planet, some being born, some teeming with individualized life, others barren and dissolving back into original stardust, with the consciousness that amid all the cataclysms of matter, the rise and fall of constellations, we shall live on, immortal in spirit or ethereal body and immortal in mind, everlasting personalities of the universe.

The question arises in some minds, if the spiritual world is so beautiful, would it not be better to commit suicide and go there? To which Mr. Buddington with emphasis answers: NO! We are placed on earth for the purpose of obtaining knowledge through contact with matter on this plane. We need nearly a hundred years of this life's journey to get all the experience useful for us. No, it is not well to hurry into spirit life. Live as long as possible here. Obey nature's laws. Try to live a century on earth.

Modern spiritualism is creating a widespread interest in all parts of the world among all kinds of people. There is certainly something very interesting about these alleged messages from the other world, and it is not fair for anyone to say there is not a lot of truth in them. It is claimed by master-adepts and mystics that soon this mystery is to be fully cleared up.

"Though we return to dust that does not prove That we shall never live again as men;  
What from the atoms was evolved before,  
By evolution can be born again."

### A Miracle Saves a Sick Babe's Life

In a last despairing hope that a miracle would be wrought and their dying child be brought back to life and health, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Clark, Presbyterians, who came to New York City from Pittsburg not long ago, had their baby boy baptized into the Catholic faith. The child began to mend almost from the moment that the holy water touched its forehead. The whole proceeding was the outcome of a vision.

Archibald Clark, Jr., is the child. He was stricken down with pneumonia. The physicians announced that there was scarcely any hope of saving his life.

"I wish you would let me send for Father McMullen, of St. Joseph's Church," said Frederick Campbell, who lives in the same house. "I am sure he could help your child as he helped me."

Campbell said he was a Presbyterian, and while suffering from gastritis saw his dead father and younger sister in a dream. They waved their hands at him and told him he must become a Catholic. If he did, all would be well. He was baptized, he said, by Father McMullen, and almost immediately the gastritis left him.

His story touched the parents, and they sent for Father McMullen, and the child recovered.

### Some Occult Secrets

How to learn the occult secrets of life is very important. Surrounding us all the time there are many hidden or unseen forces of tremendous power to help mankind. We propose to print in this magazine each month articles written by master adepts in the occult. We have already sent to far-away India for some matter that will open the eyes and minds of some people in this part of the world to new and grand truths. The Hindu Yogi Seers and Adepts are remarkable beings. For thousands of years they have been working in the realms of occultism and have discovered forces we know little about.

We possess exceptional facilities for laying before you each month the secrets of the Mystics, and we would suggest that you do not delay in sending in your name and address with one dollar for a whole year's subscription, and not miss one number of the magazine, which will always be so full of good and instructive reading.

Neither time nor expense will be spared to make this magazine the leading occult journal of the world.

### Our Aim

This magazine will ever strive to give hope and courage to those who suffer from poverty and sorrow.

Our editors and writers are persons who are full of life, force, vigor and sympathy.

We write from the soul, the heart, and a mind that believes in cheerfulness, health, prosperity, happiness.

We believe in looking on the bright side of life—in seeing lots of good everywhere.

It is the Law of the Universe that as we think so we will be.

No one can have success who continually thinks failure.

This world has progressed because there have always been in it enthusiastically cheerful souls who have inspired others to be hopeful, strong and courageous.

The highest type of man is cheerful, honest, courageous, fearless. Moreover, such a person is always a worker—a helper of mankind. So, our aim shall always be to make this magazine bright, cheerful, helpful and inspiring, and it will be an inspiration to read it with regularity.

We are always pleased to print cheering letters from our readers. To do good by a deed or word is ennobling.

### 105 Years Old, and Still Working

MEN and women who keep busy at work up to the very last live very long lives. The new Superintendent of Streets of Calais, Me., has just reappointed Patrick Myers, who will be 105 years old next June, to his old place as custodian of the city sidewalks, a post which he has held for thirty-seven consecutive years. In 1864, when substitutes were getting from \$800 to \$1,000 to go to the war, and national and State bounties made the sum total up to \$1,500 to \$1,800, Myers enlisted, and having passed a successful examination as to his physical abilities, was rejected on account of his age, being 68 years old at that time.

"It was discouraging to me," said Myers, in speaking of the matter. "I was a poor man, and the bounty money would have bought me a fine home, which I should have enjoyed after serving out my time in the army. I felt so bad that I didn't care to do any kind of work for nearly a year. I knew I was as strong and healthy as I ever was, and age doesn't count to men built the way I was. After a time I secured a job from the city to work on the streets. When I had been digging sewer ditches and shoveling dirt for ten years, they put me in charge of the sidewalks, where I have been for a long time. My work is not hard, but it keeps me busy. I earn my money and intend to stick to the work as long as they will have me."

The old man lives in a small house, which he has bought and paid for out of his earnings at \$1.50 a day. His widowed daughter acts as housekeeper for him. Report says he has a tidy sum in the local savings bank. His general health is still good. He eats his three meals a day and sleeps ten hours every night. Since he has passed his hundredth birthday he has frequently regretted that he was not permitted to enter the army.

"If I had served a year or two," said he, "I could get a pension to help me out when I grew old and unable to work. Lots of men younger than I am who were in the army and never received a scratch are drawing as much as \$12 a month, I am told."

WHAT is the use of knowing how to tell the truth?—so few persons know how to hear it.—A. d'Houdetot.



## Astrology More in Favor

A Better Demand for Horoscopes Reported in New York

Business Far From Being So Good Here as in London and Paris—

Astrologers Consulted by Women About Business as Well as  
About the Heart—Other Classes of Customers

"CAN you cast my horoscope while I wait?" asked the woman reporter of the New York Sun.

The astrologer looked pained. Nothing so grieves your true seer as does a lack of reverence for his art; but, in defence of the reporter, it may be said that she had no idea of the amount of information the astrologer was willing to give for the money. She had never met a master before. Clairvoyants and palmists and crystal readers and tellers of fortunes by cards she had known and loved, but she had never dabbled in astral occultism, and she didn't know its breadth and depth.

"If you will give me four days, I think I can have a horoscope ready for you," said the astrologer, gravely, "but, of course, it will not be a complete nativity. For how many years do you want it prepared?"

"How much does it cost?"

"Three dollars for the horoscope and \$1 for the reading of each year."

"I'll take a year," said the reporter. "How will it benefit me?" she added.

"You will understand yourself—your virtues and faults, your tendencies," the astrologer said, patiently. "You will know how to control and direct those tendencies. You will know what influences are malign and beneficent in your life. You will be able to foresee and, perhaps, ward off disaster. You can tell when to venture and when to hold back. A horoscope is simply invaluable as a guide in life."

"Do many people use them?"

"More than you would imagine. Within recent years a new interest in astrology has sprung up, and a great many scientific men have been admitting that there may be something in it."

"Horoscopes that have been cast for great men have in a good many cases proved accurate. You know Mr. Gladstone's horoscope, cast early in his career, showed the whole course of his public life with especially clear bearing on his relation to the Irish question. He didn't believe in astrology, but he was interested in it, and he had to admit the accuracy of the horoscope. Beaconsfield was another public man who was interested in astrology, but he really believed in it, while Gladstone didn't."

"It's a rather curious fact that, while palmistry and clairvoyance, etc., are more popular with women than with men, more men than women believe in astrology. I suppose it is because there seems to be a more definite scientific basis for astrology, and men aren't so strong on matters of sheer faith as women are. They want something that can be reduced to figures, and they are inclined to think that anything mathematical must be respectable."

"You would be surprised if you knew how many men whom you would call shrewd, hard-headed business men consult their horoscopes in regard to their business and their public life. Half the time they aren't willing to admit even to themselves that they do it, or are influenced by it, but they are, all the same, and many of them make a regular practice of following their horoscopes, though they wouldn't want their friends to know it. You remember about Jay Gould, don't you? He had a complete nativity chart made out for his whole life, showing the astral conditions as affecting his life each year and each day of the year. The horoscope cost him \$250, and it took an expert astrologer the better part of two years to make it."

"But did Mr. Gould follow it?"

"I don't know that he did—probably not on all occasions; but why did he have it? A man couldn't have a thing like that in his possession and not be more or less influenced by it."

"For instance, I have a man's horoscope. He wants to know what his chances for good fortune are on a certain day. I erect a figure for the specified day and hour. That is, I find the exact position and relation to the planets at that time, and study them with reference to their bearing upon his life. I can tell whether the hour is fortunate or unfortunate for him and what the outcome of certain actions made at that hour would be."

"Some astrologers say that they can not only tell a speculator what are his lucky and unlucky days, but that they can tell him what stock to buy, whether to buy long or short, and all that sort of thing. Maybe

they can. I don't know that it is impossible, but, personally, I don't care to go beyond scientific facts in regard to which I feel absolutely positive. I've known a great many instances in which men followed such advice, with successful results, but I'm inclined to think that the success was as much a matter of the man's own judgment and of confidence inspired by his belief in his horoscope, as of astrological prediction. If men would only go in for occultism rationally, instead of hysterically, the occult would win respect."

The Anglo-Egyptian sage was talking seriously. The man seemed to be in earnest, and was apparently not posing.

"I take my own prescriptions," continued the sage. "That's more than most doctors do. Look at this."

He opened a drawer and pulled out a bulky roll of stiff paper. It was covered with figures mathematical and zodiacal, and looked like a game of "chopped up zoo" married to a problem of differential calculus. The reporter eyed it with the respect that mathematics always inspires in the feminine mind.

"That is my horoscope," announced the professor. "I have put a great amount of work and care into it, and I follow it absolutely. So far it has never fooled me."

"The planets don't change our limitations. They only show us what our limitations are, and teach us to make the most of our possibilities. My horoscope has warned me of danger that sometimes I've been able to avoid. Sometimes I haven't been able to ward it off. Then the chart has shown me the luckiest times in which for me to make ventures, and I've succeeded in the ventures because of that; but a horoscope will not give you qualities you haven't got, or help you to grasp fortune that is out of your scope. A brainless dude can't be a Napoleon of finance just because he has a horoscope cast, but he can make the best of his own possibilities."

"Is astrology as popular here as in Europe?"

"No, decidedly not. Paris is the home of astrology to-day; and astrology has a strong hold in England. It is growing in favor here. The number of Americans who have their horoscopes cast and regard the science seriously is increasing wonderfully. The women usually want horoscopes so they can consult them about love affairs, matrimony, and that sort of thing. Funny how that is always the one absorbing interest in a woman's life, isn't it? That's all the average woman ever consults any reader of fate for. Astrology is very definite about heart matters. That's lucky for the women. Venus, in her relation to the other planets, speaks very clearly about the part of the heart in a life."

"Do you always tell all that you read in one's horoscope?"

The professor shook his head.

"What's the use? If the conditions show unavoidable tragedy, what good would I do by telling it? I can read the past as well as the future. If there are discreditable things in it, why should I rake them up? I sometimes think there can't be any other business so fascinating as mine, though. I'm trying to make my living out of it, but I wouldn't give it up for another profession that would bring me a good many times as much money as I make now. Every consultation is a new study in human nature and a new look into the book of fate. I never tire of it."

"But, talking of women, they don't all come to hear about love affairs. Particularly here in America they are interested in other things. I'm astonished to see how many women have a keen interest in business affairs. They want help in speculation and in business ventures, just as the men do. The woman who passed you in the hall has been waiting for three months for certain conditions in her horoscope before she would make a certain business change."

"I'll tell you a class of workers that often turn to astrology—the writers. There is something poetic and fine about the idea of astral science that appeals to imaginative minds. A man whom you would know by name, if I should tell you his name, will soon publish a book. The manuscript has been ready for a long time, but he is waiting until Mercury gets into the right relations in his horoscope before he launches the book. Mercury is the planet especially affecting expression and the arts, you know."

## Developing Powers of the Mind

By Andrew Carnegie

I CAN with confidence recommend the business career as one in which there is abundant room for the exercise of a man's highest powers, and of every good quality in human nature. I believe the career of the great merchant or banker, or captain of industry, to be favorable to the development of the powers of the mind, to the ripening of the judgment upon a wide range of general subjects, to freedom from prejudice, and the keeping of an open mind. And I do know that permanent success is not obtained except by fair and honorable dealing, by irreproachable habits and correct living, by the display of good sense and rare judgment in all the relations of human life, for credit and confidence fly from the business man foolish in word and deed, irregular in habits, or even suspected of sharp practice. The business career is thus a stern school of all the virtues.

## Wonderful New York City

IT IS TO BE BEAUTIFIED AT AN EXPENSE OF \$275,000,000.

NEW YORK will soon be the most magnificent city in the whole world.

The tremendous sum of \$275,000,000 is to be spent within the next few years to transform New York City into the grandest city on the planet.

For this sum we are to have a new and beautiful city. Ten years will see a change that will be as the wave of a giant's wand in the sky line, the shore line, the beauty line of the future metropolis of the world.

Half a dozen enormous bridges, such as the old world has never built, are already being planned or are under way.

It is the city of big things—great men, great wealth.

It is the financial headquarters of the country's great enterprises. The New York banks hold the nation's millions; \$476,140,000 deposited here belong to other institutions.

All the great occult seers and adepts have long known that New York City was destined to be the largest, the wealthiest, most magnificent and most important city of the world.

## The Power of Reading

ANY reading that will fan the flame of ambition and bring success to the reader is good.

Success is bound to come to those who are earnestly trying and striving for it.

The secret power of successful men and women is given them by hope, courage and patient work.

Anyone who will regularly read this magazine every month is bound to get force and power to do things—to accomplish and achieve.

Hidden here and there are great occult secrets which will be understood by the aspiring and ambitious person.

Read much, ponder and think and earnestly desire success and happiness; then you will understand the power of reading.

## Human Miracles

It has been predicted for many years by many sages, seers and prophets in all parts of the world that the twentieth century will be the century of human miracles.

Certainly strange and wonderful things are coming to pass constantly in these days of progress, growth and expansion.

Scarcely a day passes now that someone does not make some wonderful discovery or perfect an invention which in older times would have been classed as "miraculous."

The era of a most wonderful age has begun.

Who can tell what will happen next?

The great universal forces are being understood by man, and are not only understood but are being controlled and used for his great advantage.

Hypnotism, psychic power and occult forces were little understood and little believed in only a few years ago.

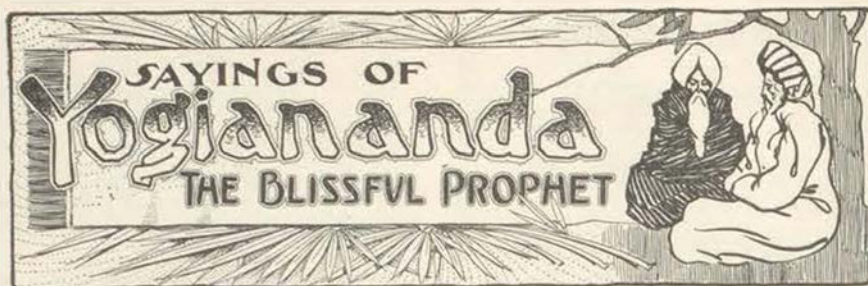
Now, instead of being laughed at or ridiculed, they are fully recognized by all.

The things we ridicule to-day in a few years are accepted as absolute truth.

It is silly for anyone to ridicule anything he doesn't fully understand. Many deep and profound thinkers say that we are soon to witness many human miracles.

THIS magazine will print some wonderful happenings in succeeding issues. Watch for them.





SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES  
BY YOGIANANDA, THE BLISSFUL PROPHET

*Ekam sat Viprah Bahuda Vedanta, "that which exists is ONE, Sages call it variously."—Rig-Veda.*

THE Yogis of India dearly love all beings in the universe and know All are practically One, and All are eternally going onward, forward and upward to one goal—to perfection. We tell ALL that the goal for ALL is the same—namely, perfect knowledge, perfect power, absolute bliss and Eternal Life.

The countless suns, stars and planets that pervade all space we contemplate with awe, admiration, adoration and profound worship—we worship and love the Mighty Maker of these myriads of worlds, the most of which are inhabited.

The Yogi Seer in the superconscious or blissful state sends forth and receives thought vibrations—true messages—to and from the nearest and uttermost of these planets, hence his knowledge and seership. *Yogi* means wise or all-knowing; *Ananda* means bliss, gained by profound study, deep meditation and from realization. The power to go into the superconscious state, which is the highest state of consciousness that man can attain to while living in a physical or gross body on this planet, comes to the adept Yogi.

The sub-conscious state is one thing and the superconscious state another. The gulf between these two states is so great that it cannot even be imagined by the ordinary mind. The sub-conscious is a trance or hypnotic state while that of the superconscious is a state of sublime wakefulness and the most intense activity of the soul-mind—when the soul or real man is perfectly at one with the Universal Soul and sees, knows, works with, and comprehends all the subtle and usually unseen or unknown forces. These are the Mighty Forces or All Powerful Forces of the Universe or All Creation. Then the Yogi is illuminated.

What is that, knowing which, ALL will be known? This is the great theme of the Yogi, which he persistently clings to with an unbending will and a true and high love for the Blessed One until he becomes illuminated with the Light of all lights, and thus solves all the riddles and mysteries of the universe.

Not only that, but he also acquires a power to use the mighty and powerful forces of the universe—for good works only. A powerful Yogi would not misuse his knowledge nor force. The ignorant and superstitious often call his works "miracles." Modern telegraphy or the telephone would appear to an ignorant savage as a miracle. Every manifestation of power when not understood appears miraculous. The real Yogi never calls his works miracles. He can successfully send a telepathic or thought message thousands of miles easier and quicker than the same message could be transmitted by the telegraph or cable, and knowing exactly how to do this by a natural law it is a much simpler operation than conveying my thoughts to the reader of these sayings by means of the pen, types, printing press, paper and ink. Again, if he has realized the highest truths and is an adept in the so-called "occult" forces he is naturally prophetic, clairvoyant, mediumistic and clairaudient.

The Yogi easily and readily can get *en rapport* with great souls at any distance, whether they are in the gross or physical body or out of it—whether on this planet or other planets or the ethereal spheres.

Right here, permit me to state that within the twentieth century communications between intelligences at a distance from each other, by telepathy, will be so common an everyday occurrence that it will cause no more comment than does communication by telephone cause to-day. The great and ancient order of Universal Yogis will soon give to this world some striking and startling truths about the planets of this solar system, their

inhabitants, their physical conditions, et cetera. Moreover, there are countless astral or ethereal spheres or worlds—commonly called the Spiritual World—with which the Yogi seers are constantly in touch, which will soon be fully and comprehensively explained to the more intelligent or more spiritualized inhabitants of this planet.

We will positively and conclusively prove that there is not ONE SPIRIT WORLD, but countless Spirit and Celestial Globes more real and more lasting than any of the planets that the Astronomers and Astrologists talk about.

Furthermore, it will be clearly demonstrated in a while by actual demonstrations that some of us who now live on this beautiful planet of gross matter will sooner or later live on similar planets larger and grander than our earth. We know that the soul of every being in the universe is eternally progressive—it moves from planet to planet; from one solar system to another; from one ethereal sphere to another; all in a progressive order.

We will soon have something to tell you about the Devas (angels) or Bright Ones; how they are with us much of the time, work with us, help and guide us. Few know how to attract and commune with the Devas, and what is more, care less about such things. As long as most persons can eat, sleep and enjoy themselves like animals and beasts, what care they about the Devas? Then they wonder in amazement why they suffer from disease, poverty and early death. They constantly and persistently disobey the Law and repel and drive away the Devas, who are ever ready and ever anxious to help the inhabitants of this world.

There is a cause and a reason for everything.

There is a cause for disease, misery, worry and anxiety.

There is a cause for health, opulence and happiness.

The Yogis are the greatest students of cause and effect in the universe; they are intensely practical; have ample wealth; have the most perfect health and vital force all the time; live in the body for great periods of time, and are always joyful, happy and blissful. The truth has made them perfectly free. Their love for God and the beautiful universe and its perfect order puts them on the UNIVERSAL PLANE. They are not limited. Life to them is an eternal joyous state. They know there is neither beginning nor end. They live in the Eternal. They work all the time with prodigious energy to uplift humanity; they are not laborers or drudges, but true workers. They secretly and quietly make the greatest and grandest things happen on this planet.

Now that this planet has entered the New Grand Cycle (January 1, 1901), and is to have billions of years of prosperity and happiness, the order has been issued from the Highest Source of Power to the Grand Council of Ancient Yogis to fully reveal truths which will enable man to more fully comprehend all the mysteries of the universe. For the first time we are to use the modern printing press freely in scattering broadcast these golden truths, and any publisher or editor who will help us circulate our sayings will never have occasion to regret it. To those who will read and digest these sayings each month will come wonderful light and great power to do. Next month I will give some of the principal rules of our order showing clearly how anyone who desires can practice Yoga and attain to adeptship. I will also, each month, make a few timely prophecies which will be inspiring and helpful.

YOGIANANDA.

## The Secret of Luck

By an Adept Yogi

LUCK is in a great measure a state of the mind.

Before we can have luck we must think luck.

The foundations of poverty and misery are often laid by poor thinking—by thinking of bad luck.

On the other hand, fortune and happiness come by persistently thinking of good fortune, good luck and happiness.

By thinking of prosperity and reading of prosperity and desiring prosperity we will sooner or later come to having prosperity.

We thus draw upon the powerful hidden or unseen forces to help us. The good *Devas* are everywhere; the *Devas* can help us.

If we are blue, despondent and can see no good in the world we draw upon the bad forces, and they will keep us down. They are a mighty power for everything that is bad.

We begin to have luck just so soon as we begin to think right. Thought is all-powerful for good or bad.

Like attracts like. Read and imbibe the contents of this magazine every month and you are bound to have luck. The greatest adepts in the world will regularly contribute to its pages. Here is what a great seer says about luck:

Clear your mind of every gloomy, selfish, angry or revengeful thought; allow no resentment or grudge toward man, or fate, to stay in your heart overnight.

Wake in the morning with a blessing for every living thing on your lips and in your soul.

Say to yourself: Health, luck, usefulness, success are mine. I claim them. Keep thinking that thought, no matter what happens, just as you would keep putting one foot before another if you had a mountain to climb, no matter what mud or brambles you encountered. Keep on—keep on—and suddenly you will find you are on the heights—"luck" beside you.

## Gems From Great Minds

ALL one's life is music, if one touch the notes right and in time.—*Ruskin.*

There's nothing so kingly as kindness,  
There's nothing so royal as truth.  
—*Cary.*

They never are alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.  
—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

Our whitest pearl we never find;  
Our ripest fruit we never reach;  
The flowering moments of the mind  
Lose half their petals in our speech.  
—*Holmes.*

He who is honest is noble,  
Whatever his fortune or birth.  
—*Cary.*

## Ripe Old Age

"His head was silver'd o'er with age,  
And long experience made of him a sage."  
—*Gay.*

ABRAHAM E. ELMER, of Utica, N. Y., is 119 years old. He says his health is good and he is yet strong and vigorous.

Joseph McGrath, of No. 414 East Eighty-second street, New York City, is 102 years old and can see, hear and sleep perfectly. He takes long walks every day.

Would you enjoy ripe old age? Read this magazine regularly.

We believe in living to a ripe old age. See all you can of this wonderful century. Great things are to happen right along now.

## Peddle Sunlight If You Can

THOUGH you deal in liquid blacking,  
Dismal bluing and such things,  
When you have a sale to manage,  
Do it as the robin sings.  
Put some cheer-up in your business—  
Be a chipper sort of man,  
And, with other lines of notions,  
Peddle sunshine if you can.

There's an awful deal of meanness  
In this busy world of ours;  
But, mixed in with weeds the rankest,  
Ofttimes grow the finest flowers.  
Wear a posy on your lapel—  
It won't hurt the trade you plan—  
And along with other samples  
Peddle sunshine if you can.

—*Chicago Record.*



## SEEN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT IN A DRAWING-ROOM

WAS  
IT  
A  
GHOST?

REMARKABLE instance, seemingly well attested, of a spirit visitant seen by Mrs. Gerrit Smith, of New York, in the old family mansion in Cazenovia. Figure like that of the late Mrs. Gerrit Smith, wife of the famous abolitionist, seen walking with head slightly bent, as was her wont in life.

To look up from the tea table and see a relative who has been dead for years walking placidly about in an adjoining room is an experience which does not fall to the lot of many people.

This is especially true when the observer has no belief in ghosts, and no first-hand knowledge of the dead relative. Mrs. Gerrit Smith, the well-known New York singer, has had such an experience.

Mrs. Smith has never been interested in the subject of spiritualism in one way or another. She has no theories to advance. The incident took place at the old Gerrit Smith mansion in Peterboro, N. Y., the homestead of the Gerrit Smith family for many generations. In some respects it is the most remarkable and certainly one of the best authenticated instances of the supernatural on record. For this reason Mrs. Smith was induced to give the facts to the Harvard branch of the Society for Psychical Research.

Although somewhat averse to talking of the matter, Mrs. Smith corroborated the story for the Sunday World, the circumstances being as they appear here.

Mrs. Smith is the wife of Dr. Gerrit Smith, the composer, organist of the South Church, at the corner of Thirty-eighth street and Madison avenue, New York, and for a long time president of the Manuscript Club. She is a well-poised woman, known among her friends as a charming hostess and delightful talker. The South studio is the centre of a musical coterie. Ghosts are touched upon only in the most frivolous way in this circle—or they were until Mrs. Smith came face to face with one at her summer home in Western New York.

The Smith homestead at Peterboro, near Cazenovia, is one of the old-fashioned houses on one of the oldest family estates in the country. Peterboro is a little town of 600 inhabitants, and the Smith house is the show place of the neighborhood. Those of the wide family connection who do not live at Peterboro live in the exclusive little resort of Cazenovia, the population of the latter place being made up largely of kinsfolk.

Previous to the Civil War, and along the forties and fifties, the resident of the Smith mansion was Gerrit Smith, a wealthy man and an abolitionist of national reputation. Around the house there were large, well-kept gardens, and these were tunneled extensively to serve the purposes of the famous "underground railway" for the escape of fugitive slaves.

The Mrs. Gerrit Smith of that day was in full accord with her husband. She was, moreover, greatly interested in spiritualism, which, at that time, was creating a furor in the land, mainly through the work of the Fox sisters.

Mrs. Smith had the Fox sisters often at the house, where they gave spirit manifestations of all sorts. There were "spirit rappings" and many callings forth of the sheeted dead. Stories of the abolition days and the doings of the Fox sisters are remembered now by the very old people of Peterboro and Cazenovia, but Mrs. Gerrit Smith, of New York, knew of them only by hearsay.

She and her husband, Dr. Smith, went up to the old homestead for a visit. The place is now owned by Mrs. Gerrit Smith, aunt of Dr. Gerrit Smith, and by Mrs. Green Smith, her daughter.

One afternoon in August the family were about the tea table. It was six o'clock in the afternoon, the fashion at Peterboro being to dine at noon and to have supper in the evening.

The house is one of the quaint, restful and roomy mansions known to the past and now often imitated in the dwellings of the newly rich. There is a wide hall running through the middle. On one side of this are the li-

brary and dining-room, on the other is an immense drawing-room as large as a Fifth avenue ballroom. Off the drawing-room is a conservatory facing the west.

On the afternoon in question the sun streamed through the conservatory window and lighted up every nook and corner of the drawing-room. From the hall and the dining-room across it objects under the sunshine were thrown into relief like a medallion upon a dark wall. Besides, six o'clock in the summer time comes early, and the whole house was as light as at midday.

Mrs. Gerrit Smith sat at the dining table exactly opposite the doors opening into the drawing-room, and facing them. Dr. Smith sat at the end of the board, his side to the doors. The two other ladies sat with their backs to the doors and facing the younger Mrs. Smith. Suddenly Mrs. Smith saw a figure pacing up and down the drawing-room. There were no other guests in the house, and she looked the second time, with natural curiosity.

The whole figure was then plain. It was that of a slight, white-haired woman dressed in the fashion of bygone times. She wore a gray dress with a full skirt and trim-fitting waist. About her neck was a white kerchief. She walked lightly and aimlessly and seemed perfectly at home, as the mistress of a house might in walking in her own room. The most striking fact, however, was a certain peculiar forward bend of the neck, graceful and characteristic. The figure walked with hands folded in front and did not look about curiously at anything.

Mrs. Smith noted these things casually, as her eye fell on the visitor. Something about it startled her slightly, and just what this something was Mrs. Smith has never been able to say.

"Who is in the next room?" she asked. "It must be one of the maids," said Mrs. Green Smith, naturally.

"No, no," said Mrs. Dr. Smith; "I do not think it is one of the maids."

She rose from the table and stepped across into the drawing-room. No one was there.

Mrs. Smith had seen the vision as clearly as she saw the furniture or as she saw the family at the dining table, and she was certain of it. So she surmised that the white-haired old lady in the gray dress had stepped out into the hall and from the other door of the drawing-room. There was no one in the hall, and no trace of such a figure on the big pillared veranda in front.

By this time the rest of the family had become interested, and they, too, looked about.

The most minute search, however, failed to reveal anyone around the place except the family and the servants.

Finally the elder Mrs. Gerrit Smith, the mistress of the house, asked: "What did the woman look like?" The younger woman described her, mentioning her dress, and the fact that she walked up and down slowly with her hands clasped.

"Why, that's mother!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith.

The New York woman added that she had noticed the bent head of the figure.

"Grandmother, exactly!" said Mrs. Green Smith. "That bend of the neck is peculiar to the Fitzhughs."

Mrs. Gerrit Smith, the grandmother, had been a Fitzhugh, of Virginia.

In short, the figure which Mrs. Dr. Smith had observed walking quietly in the drawing-room corresponded exactly to that of the former mistress of the house, who had been dead many years. An examination of old portraits corroborated the evidence of her eyes.

Strange to say, it then came out that the drawing-room had at one time been divided into two apartments. The room at the back was Grandmother Smith's sitting-room. She was accustomed to have her tea there at six o'clock in the afternoon. After tea she always walked up and down in the twilight, her hands habitually folded, her head bent.

The ghost seen by Mrs. Dr. Smith is not the only visitor which seems to haunt the

historic house. The homestead has a reputation for strange noises and uncanny happenings. This reputation is of a general sort, and nothing more alarming than the gentle-faced old lady has ever been seen.

After every apparent visit of ghosts the neighbors for a while inquire after their health much as they do after that of the family. Peterboro finds the spirits interesting, and feels as proud of them as it always has felt of the old Smith home. The members of the family living in the house, strange to say, have never actually seen the ghostly visitants, although they admit hearing rappings sometimes.

They would welcome the ghosts, feel very kindly toward them, and have no fear at all.

Mrs. Dr. Smith says that whenever she is at the homestead she has a subtle consciousness that the air about her is full of unseen persons. Other visitors have observed the same phenomenon. Nobody ever likes to sleep in Grandmother Smith's room. Strange knockings and tick-tackings go on at the head of the high old bed—and—well, there is a something plainly felt, but hard to put into words.

One gentleman from New York visiting the family, and knowing nothing of the ghost stories, was put to sleep in this Blue Room, as it is called. He said not a word during his stay, but afterward told a member of the family of a strange incident.

That night he locked his door and bolted it on the inside. When he waked in the morning the door stood open.

Perhaps the most remarkable incident refers to a watch. Mrs. Gerrit Smith, the mistress of the house, had an old-fashioned gold watch which had been given to her by her husband, who was then dead. The mechanism of the watch got out of order. Local jewelers failed to find out the trouble, and for a year the watch lay on the mantelpiece, not wound up and not running. On the evening before the anniversary of Mr. Smith's birthday Mrs. Smith thought of the watch and wished that she could have had it repaired.

Next morning, which was her husband's birthday, she looked at the watch and found it ticking away as if nothing had ever been wrong with it. When she came in to breakfast that morning she asked some of the family, who carried accurate timekeepers, what time it was.

Upon comparison she found that her watch was exact to the second.

### Is This Girl Obsessed By Some Departed Spirit?

#### An Occult Mystery

THE Adept prints the following interesting case of a young girl supposed to be obsessed by an Indian spirit.

In the city of Minneapolis, near Cedar avenue, lives a young lady of twelve years of age. Born in the month of June, 1888. She lives with her father and aunt; her mother died when she was but two years old.

At first sight there seems to be nothing unusual about her, as she is good-looking, very jolly and pleasant; in fact, she laughs most of the time. What her name is, or who she is, is the mystery. She was named Caroline Peterson by her parents, but she says she is not Caroline, she is another person altogether; but every few days she will stop her laughing, get very quiet and serious, and wish so hard that she could be Caroline Peterson. Often she will remain gloomy for several hours, and her only complaint is that she wants to be Caroline.

Several doctors have examined her, and, as might be supposed, have declared her insane, but her father says she is not; she works about the house, does fancy needlework of various kinds, but claims she is an Indian girl, that she can see "all kinds" of spirits, and if one desires, she will describe what she sees for them. In many cases the descriptions are recognized, and several have claimed that the advice she gave them on certain business affairs was remarkably beneficial.

It is generally understood among hypnotists that an insane person cannot be hypnotized, but Caroline is one of the finest of subjects. Her father brought her to the office of The Adept to see if hypnotism would bring Caroline back or send Miss Indian away. On the first attempt the "control" had a lot to say as soon as Caroline was in the hypnotic state, but a request pleasantly that she keep away was sufficient. I placed Caroline in a perfect sleep, and used all the force I could command to cause her to awake in her normal state. The only result was that she awoke and said, in such a forlorn tone, "Oh, how I did wish to be Caroline once more!"

Caroline was born with Libra ascending, Uranus on the ascending degree. Can some hypnotist or anti-obsession artist tell how to effect a cure?



## NO DREAD OF DEATH

Testimony of the Dying That  
They Have No Fear

Only Persons in Health Resist the Approach of Death, Which Comes as a  
Relief to the Sick—Experiences of a Physician Who Has Seen  
Thousands of People Die

From the Philadelphia Press

If there is such a thing as being an authority on death, Thomas H. Andrews, surgeon to the Bureaus of Police and Fire, should rank high as an expert. In the course of thirty-seven years of active practice he has conducted over four thousand post-mortem examinations and has seen at least half that number of human beings die.

He talks freely on the subject of death. He has looked into the eyes of dying men and women and children of every kind and condition, and this is the summing up of it all:

"Death is as much of a mystery to me now as it was when I first saw a human being die.

"Nature is never so kind to man as when she is severing the ties that bind him to this earthly life. She removes all fear, ameliorates every harsh surrounding, softens every sound and smooths the narrow pathway to the grave with kindly hands. The easiest thing in life is to die."

"In your experience, Dr. Andrews," I asked, "have you ever found a case in which fear of death rose to the point where men fought and screamed at its approach?"

"Never. In severe sickness death comes in the guise of a welcome visitor. On the battlefield or as the result of accident or sudden shock, when it comes to a man swiftly, who but a moment before was in perfect health and half an hour later will be dead, a fortitude which I cannot describe and have never been able to analyze sustains the victim."

"Do men and women of the higher grades of intelligence exhibit any different emotions as death approaches, from those gifted with less mental power? Does the professional man or the scientist betray any different feelings or emotions from those exhibited by the day laborer or the most ignorant of men?"

"No and yes," was the reply. "The scientist, the man or woman of keen intelligence and trained faculties, unless their lives have been conspicuous for an exhibition of faith in religion and its teachings, are slower to accept ministrations of clergymen and others. The man of low intelligence yields at the first approach and calls for religious consolation."

"The reason for this is, I think, that the vast majority of professional men, outside of the clergy, and particularly doctors and scientists generally, are not inclined to believe or accept what they cannot demonstrate as a scientific fact. And yet, as a rule, these men and women willingly accept religious ministrations when death is only a matter of hours."

"I recall an instance during the war. One of the most distinguished men in the Confederacy was brought to me for treatment. I saw at once that his death was a matter of hours only. He was one of the most brilliant and charming men I ever met. I told him that he could not live and asked him if he desired to talk with a clergyman. He replied in a rather careless way that he did not feel disposed to change his views—that death, as he believed, ended all, and there was no use of dragging religion in at the last hour."

"That was in the morning. He then felt strong and clear headed. When I saw him in the afternoon he was weaker, and referring to our earlier conversation told me that he had been raised in the Methodist faith and that its teachings had left an impress on his mind. He asked me to send for a Methodist clergyman, which I did. When I saw him just before he died he told me what comfort the talk with the minister had given him and that he now would face death with a braver heart than he could have done before."

"I merely cite this instance," said Dr. Andrews, "to show that there is nothing which influences a man so much in later life, and even in the death hour, as the environment and teaching of his boyhood days. 'Jimmy' Logue, the notorious burglar and criminal, told me here in my office that a night never went over his head that he did not kneel down and say his prayers."

"Has there ever been any demonstration, physical or otherwise, on the part of all the

hundreds whom you have seen on the threshold of death which you could interpret as a positive indication of a future life?"

"Not one."

"Have you ever encountered instances in which dying persons have told you of visions which they have seen, of voices they have heard?"

"Yes. I recall particularly one instance. It was that of a man who had apparently died, but revived for a little time before he finally passed away. He told me about the lights and sounds and chaos of magnificent things he had seen, 'beyond the river,' as he put it."

Dr. Andrews, it may be remarked, is a churchman with strong religious views.

"I have found," continued Dr. Andrews, "that persons of clean life, of honorable, upright, religious character, not only do not display an indifference to the approach of death, as those of grosser life do, but welcome it as a relief from care and toil. There is something about the approach of death that reconciles men to it. The senses are dulled, the perceptive faculties are blunted and the end comes quietly, painlessly, like a gentle sleep."

"In this condition, I mean on the approach of death, those who retain their faculties to any degree become more or less philosophers. They know that death is inevitable, that it is only a question of hours, and they accept the verdict without any demonstration and in a philosophical way. In all my experience I have never found a case in which a dying man or woman complained against the inevitable, attempted to fight its approach or even feared it," said Dr. Andrews.

## She Is 144 Years Old and Still Works

WE CAN LIVE TO GREAT AGE NOWADAYS

ALL over the world people are living to great ages. From now on the age of human beings is to be very great. If you don't believe it read this magazine every month. It will show many how to live more than one hundred years.

Here is a case of longevity vouched for by El Morro, of Arica, a city in one of the Peruvian provinces held for ransom by Chili.

In the valley of Codpa, in the same province, it says that there is a woman, named Martina Celada, who is 144 years old, and to this day works in the fields. According to her many relatives living in Arica she was born in 1757, and has seen most of the noted men of the South American wars of independence.

This old woman has seen three centuries, the eighteenth, the nineteenth and the dawn of the twentieth. She was twice married, the first time at the age of forty, and the second when she was sixty. Her sons and daughters are all dead; some of her grandchildren are living, and she has great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren. Two of the last generation are of marriageable age, so the old lady may yet live to see her fifth generation.

The old woman has some means, but she does not want to enjoy them, because she says it is not yet time. She wants to live as she does in order to entertain all who come to her house.

Dona Martina is somewhat blind, for something like a film of flesh covers her eyes; she has completely lost her hearing, and her power to think went shortly after her sight. But she can still walk very well through the fields she cultivates, and as late as 1899 she was known to climb up a fig tree to gather the fruit.

It may be said in passing that such stories of great old age are not very uncommon in Peru, where the facility for gaining a living and the equable climate seem to conduce to longevity. It is a very common thing to see Indians, *cholos*, who are said to be as old as 100 years or more, doing their daily work with the ease of a young man, and carrying their years as lightly as in the days of their youth.

## Freak of Journalism, This Unique Publication

A CURIOUS publication, which has found its way to this city, is a Christian Science journal, entitled *Christian*, published in Denver, Col., by Thomas J. Shelton. It is being used as a method of proselyting, and a few days ago many copies were received in the homes of this city, says the New York Herald.

Some of the statements in the paper are in metaphysical language, and one of the most interesting is this, by the editor:

I am doing greater things than Christ did while he was on earth. I am doing my work in all parts of the earth. His work was confined to a small district in an obscure part of the world. I am doing just what he said the Spirit Christ would do. I speak the Word of Truth in the Silence and heal all manner of sickness. I have patients in London, Rome, Vienna and in all parts of Europe. I am healing the sick in Australia, Mexico, South America and in all parts of the civilized world.

In the old literary days novelists called their readers "dear reader," but the editor of this Denver publication is even more affectionate. Here is a sample:

I am the Light of the World!

I say unto you, my Sweetheart, that the days of miracles can never pass. I Am Spirit, and, therefore, I create and re-create every day. I say, all the time, "Let there be light." I Am the bright and morning star. I Am the Sun of Righteousness. I Am the only real Light, and he who follows me will not walk in the darkness.

One department of this journal has the caption "Eye to Eye Talks." The "Eye to Eye" is intentionally a misnomer, for the idea is "I to I" talks. This is an extract:

Say, Sweetheart, this is an I to I talk. All your so-called higher criticism is nonsense. It is that hypocritical effort to excuse their want of discipleship.

The typewriter girl of the journal evidently has a column for her editorial reflections. This is part of her ebullition, under the heading "Helen Hints:"

I am Helen.

I am the lickster who licks the stamps.

I am the addresser who addresses the envelopes.

I am the one who sits here and writes down what the Boss says. And sometimes he doesn't care whether I hear it or not, but walks the floor and talks to himself, and I have to catch every word the best I can.

It is a good place to work, for the life current is so strong you don't get weary.

I wish that each one would send a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

I wish that you would always write your address in full somewhere in your letter. The best place to write it is in the lower left hand corner on the last page of your letter. Give your post office. Give your State. Give it in full.

The editor of the publication does not take kindly to Carrie Nation, who has been smashing saloons in Kansas. Here is what he says:

What do you think of Mrs. Carrie Nation, the saloon smasher?

She is no worse heathen than the other heathens. It is all paganism. The saloon was created by the church, and now it is trying to destroy its own creation. In Kansas the saloon is an outlaw, and Mrs. Nation is an outlaw, so it is tit for tat. She says she is led by the Lord, but this is all in her imagination. The Lord Christ never smashes anything. He is not a smasher.

Jesus seems to be having a hell of a time in this same Topeka. As I said before, all is Good. It is all right for cats to scratch, but I am not a cat, therefore I refuse to scratch.

Regret is expressed in this way at the slowness of some cures by the Christian Science treatment:

The only defect in the treatments at present is that they are not instantaneous. They ought to be. The time is coming when I will speak one Word in Silence and the patient will be healed from that hour. I have had several cases of instantaneous healing, and these prove the principle.

The editor apparently does not have to eat breakfast, which is a good thing if he wishes to lie in bed all the morning and be in time for lunch. This is what he says:

I am a metaphysician, therefore I do not give attention to breakfast or no breakfast. I eat breakfast when I feel like it. I advise you to do the same. But if you care to have a good digestion, you had better leave your stomach alone. Why do people who claim to be mental scientists go crazy over such silly questions?

This shows how generously the editor's patrons "treat" him:

It is well in taking treatments for business success to stick right to the work every month for a whole year or more. In fact, many successful business men have sent me money regularly every month for the past five years. They say it pays them to keep in my vibration.

## The Ancient Vedas

"Life and progress consist not in isolation and contraction but in expansion." This is the teaching of the ancient Vedanta.

FEAR is the graveyard of prosperity.—Loth.



# Is the World to be Destroyed this Year?

Another Great Flood Predicted

Is the Sunday Chicago Tribune of Jan. 6, 1901, we find the following startling prediction of another Deluge or Flood similar to the Great Flood of Noah's time. The adept astrologers employed by this magazine say that it is a false alarm, and that no general Flood will ever again take place on this earth. Here is what the Chicago paper says:

That the world may be drowned again in December, 1901, as it was drowned in the time of Noah, is a possibility now considered by astrologists and students of the occult. The possibility is based upon a Babylonian tablet, written thousands of years before the star of Bethlehem shone upon Judea's flocks, and ages before the twentieth century was in the line of evolution.

Its significance lies in the fact that in that month Capricorn will be the ruling sign in the zodiac, as it was when the rain fell forty days and forty nights upon the ark of Noah.

For the significance of this phenomenon the astrologists turn to a prediction made by Berosus, a Chaldean astronomer, and one of the ablest men of his time. Berosus wrote a history of the Babylonian Empire, in which he quoted these Babylonian tablets. Not only that, but he declares that another deluge may be expected whenever the Sun, Moon and planets again occupy the sign of Capricorn.

As to astronomical conditions in December next, only the Sun, Mercury, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn will be in the sign Capricorn as required by the Chaldean; toward the end of the month the Moon and Neptune will be in the opposite sign, Cancer. But as to this apparent lack of conditions in the Berosus prophecy, it may be said that Neptune was unknown at the time of the Noachian deluge, and that Venus then was a minor planet. In consequence the astronomers of the time hardly would have taken cognizance of either of them, even had they been in the sign.

As to the position of the Moon next December, it is insisted that while the other planets mentioned by Berosus are in conjunction in the sign Capricorn, the Moon will be there for some hours at least.

In view of the Chaldean prediction and the coincidence of the planets in Capricorn at the end of the new year, the question may be asked, "Is the world again to be drowned as it was in the time of the sons of Noah?"

As to Berosus and his standing as a historian, he has not been questioned. He was in the height of his fame at the time of Alexandrian conquests, and was priest of the Bel, translating the records and astronomy of his people into Greek. His works all have perished, but they were drawn upon liberally by Eusebius and others of the time, and these quotations at second and third hands have been verified in a striking manner.

For instance, the story of the Noachian deluge, taken from Berosus, has been found identical with the story in cuneiform characters on the Babylonian tablets. According to Berosus, ten kings reigned in Babylon before the Flood, and after it eight dynasties, to his own time. All this has been accepted as history.

The Babylonian tablets which Berosus quotes are now in the British Museum in London. They were exhumed from the ancient City of Nineveh. They contain an account of the Deluge as the most important message to the modern world.

Professor Sayce, of Oxford, a noted Orientalist and the author of "Ancient Empires," says of Berosus as a historian:

Berosus was a priest of the Temple of Bel at Babylon; is said to have been a contemporary of Alexander the Great, and lived into the reign of Antiochus Soter, and had, therefore, special opportunities of knowing the history and astronomy of his country, upon which he wrote in Greek. Recent discoveries have abundantly established the trustworthiness of this Manetho of Babylon, whose works, unfortunately, are known to us only through quotations of second and third hand.

The account of the deluge as given by Berosus agrees perfectly, even in its details, with that of the cuneiform texts, in spite of the fragmentary and corrupt state in which his fragments have come down to us.

This is the Chaldean astronomer who cen-

turies ago prophesied ill for the inhabitants of the world when the planets again should be in conjunction in the sign Capricorn.

As to the direct meaning of this planetary phenomenon, however, astrologists, personally, are more or less noncommittal. From a London publication called *Coming Events*, however, an unnamed contributor is quoted as regarding the situation with a certain degree of credence. He writes:

This term flood, or deluge, does not necessarily mean the total extinction by submergence of all the living creatures of the earth, but rather the submersion of a continent, such as happened in the case of the lost Lemuria and Atlantis, traditions of which all nations and people seem to possess. Necessarily such a huge submersion would cause fearful tidal waves in all other lands, and to such phenomena the Noachian record probably refers. Whether partial satisfaction in December, 1901, of the conditions specified by Berosus will produce even partially similar results is a matter we may leave to the consideration of students.

Since the time of Ptolemy each of the twelve signs of the zodiac has been supposed to have a decided influence over certain cities and countries, and the experience of centuries, it is claimed, proves that misfortunes always come to those cities and countries whenever malefic planets are in their signs.

If this be true, and there should be even a partial flood in 1901, India, the Punjab, Thrace, Bosnia, Bulgaria, Albania, Hesse, Mexico, Lithuania and the City of Oxford, in England, would be most likely to suffer, since they are the places over which Capricorn is said to hold sway.

Cancer, however, will be afflicted at the same time by the presence of Neptune and by the opposition of the other planets in Capricorn, and as this sign is said to rule Africa, Scotland, Holland, New Zealand, Amsterdam, Cadiz, Constantinople, Venice, Genoa, New York, Milan and Manchester, occultists assert that these places will also be seriously afflicted in December, 1901.

The basis of Berosus's prediction of another flood is upon the position of the planets when they shall be in Capricorn, as they were in the time of Noah.

The question for the student of the occult is, if the planets in Capricorn, as they were at the time of the flood, were responsible for the overwhelming of continents, will a partial arrangement of them in that sign bring about a partial recurrence of the flood?

Time will prove it.

But has one a theory benefitting the occasion and the conditions?

[YOGI ANDA, one of the greatest living Hindu Yogi Astrologers, who is employed regularly by this magazine as one of its adept Astrologers, says the above article from the Chicago Tribune is "moonshine" and nonsensical. According to the great Hindu system of Astrology, YOGI ANDA says that this planet is to last billions and billions of years yet, all the time improving and getting better and better. Jan. 1, 1901, we entered the Fourth Great Cycle, and the Real Golden Age.—EDITOR.]

## The Ghosts Vanished

LIVING DOWN A HOODOO

A NEW YORK hotel that is daily overcrowded with patronage of the first class was designed as an apartment house, and occupied as such until ghosts drove the tenants away, says the New York Press. Every night there were strange noises in each of the 350 or 400 rooms. The occupants lost sleep and nerves. Women were afraid to be left alone in broad daylight. Leases were ruthlessly broken, and people moved away in swarms. The news that the place was haunted spread all over the country, enticing scores of bold investigators. The noises continued, but no ghost was seen. The proprietor was in despair. Some advised him to burn the house down, others to wreck it. Finally he sold. Another of New York's seven-day sensations dropped out of mind, and presently new tenants, who had never heard of the "haunts," flocked in to take advantage of the reduced rates. To-day we witness the spectacle of a hoodoo lived down in the very heart of our great city.

## Identity Is Not Lost in the Spirit World

THE Rev. Minot J. Savage, the great New York minister, believes in modern spiritualism. At one of his recent sermons in the Church of the Messiah, among other things, he said:

There has sprung up in the hearts of men, as naturally as the grasses grow in spring, the belief that some time and somewhere the inequalities were to be equalized; the people who deserved to suffer would suffer, that the people who deserved to be happy would be happy.

And as they have not seen equalities brought about during the brief span of human life, and as they have generally believed in a continued life beyond the grave, they have felt that these rectifications were only being postponed—that over yonder somewhere, wherever the place of good or evil might be located, things would be made to come right.

Dr. Savage said that every description of heaven that he had ever read, whether that of John in Revelation, or of Dante or of Milton, had always wearied him, as human faculties are too limited to "describe a thing like perfect bliss." On the other hand, he had found Dante's hell and Milton's description fascinating. They were "human, in spite of their horror; real." He continued:

I believe in a heaven that will satisfy the personal consciousness of identity. I want to remember everything, from the dawn of my being up to the present time, and carry it with me, so that it can be I who am doing, seeing, feeling as a part of always.

The idea that death puts an end to all growth, the one in which I was trained; that you are a moment after death either a devil or an angel, that this is the end of it, lives no more. So there stretches out before us an illimitable career, in which there is a field for all that one can dream or think or accomplish.

## Let Us Strive to Die of Old Age

ALL the great seers and occult adepts fully understand the importance of the poet's words:

"I'll die, so please you, of old age."

This magazine believes in prolonging life and making it as bright and happy as possible.

In Serbia, with a population of 2,250,000 inhabitants, 575 persons are more than 100 years old.

Ireland has, in its population of 4,700,000, 578 persons over 100 years of age.

Many people in this country are over 100 years old.

We will be pleased at all times to hear from old people—people who are near or past the century mark.

Let us all strive to live long, useful and happy lives.

There is nothing that will make for health, prosperity, long life and happiness so much as the study of occult and metaphysical truths—the very subjects treated upon in this magazine each month.

Are you a regular paid subscriber? It will pay you to send your subscription this very day. It costs only one dollar for one whole year. Up to June 1 new subscriptions for one whole year will be accepted for only twenty-five cents. Send your name now.

## A New Theory of the Aurora and of the Earth's Tail

THE Swedish physicist, Arrhenius, has sought lately to explain the aurora borealis by a new theory, considering it as the effect of negative electrical discharges from the sun.

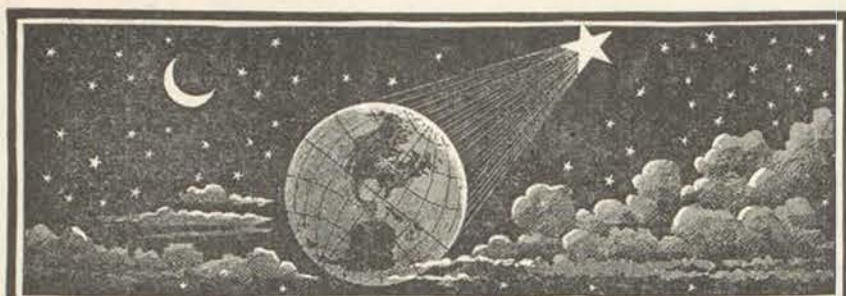
These discharges are subject to fluctuations which manifest themselves on the planets more or less strongly according to the planet's distance and its position with reference to the solar equator.

Violent discharges take the form of cathode rays, which are the cause of the aurora.

The phenomena extend over the whole earth, but they are especially conspicuous in the polar regions, for the reason that there the rays are more luminous because of the greater density of the air.

According to Arrhenius, all the planets, like comets, have tails which consist chiefly of negatively electrified particles, but are much less bright than the tails of comets. Even the moon has a tail, which becomes visible during eclipses. These phenomena are ascribed to a continual exchange of fine particles of matter which trail behind all the heavenly bodies.





## A Page of Mystifying Items

### Figures That Make the Imagination Reel

If an attempt to comprehend the statement that the universe is made up of one hundred and eighty-six nonillions of trillions of atoms makes the imagination of the reader to reel, a wild guess might be hazarded as to the condition of the mind of the man who found it out. This man, Prince Gregori Stourdza, a distinguished Roumanian general, has just published his theory about the universe. The visible world, he announces, is composed of about eighty million stars, which he distributes as follows: Fifty millions corresponding to the twenty-five hundred nebulous constellations counted by Herschel, of which each is composed of about twenty thousand stars; ten millions near the Milky Way, ten millions in the clouds of Magellan, and, finally, ten millions among those stars that have been extinguished and are in process of formation.

These stars are accompanied by planets, and, estimating the average mass of each star from what is known of our solar system, he finds that the eighty million stars have a total mass which is equivalent to that of the following number of cubic metres of water: 168,413,226,376,053,770,000,000,000,000,000.

The volume of these eighty million stars is equivalent to a sphere with a diameter so long that light could pass through only in 3,006,000 years.

Prince Stourdza calculates also that there are ninety-three nonillions of trillions of atoms condensed in the eighty million stars and just as many in a free state, or altogether one hundred and eighty-six nonillions of trillions of atoms—a number which one can write by putting down 186 and placing 120 noughts after it.

### Hundreds of Thousands of Years

LAMBlichos, in his famous treatise on Egyptian Theurgy, describes the knowledge of the stars as a wisdom imparted by Divinity, and confirmed by observations made for hundreds of thousands of years. Proklos, who followed him as a teacher, affirmed that the Chaldean sages had records of astral revolutions which embraced entire cycles of time. Cicero, in his treatise on Divination, stated that their accounts were for over 370,000 years, while Diodoros increased the number to 470,000. Verily, past time is an eternity.

### A Sailor's Apparition

An interesting account of an apparition is found in *The Two Worlds*, taken from the collection of stories made by William T. Stead, which is entitled, "Real Ghost Stories." It was told by Alderman Fowler, who is still living, and is one of the patriachs of the North of England.

"I was assistant at a shop in Durham, near my present place of business, when a singular circumstance happened to me which seemed to imply that the spirits of the departed have, at least at the time of their departure, the power to manifest themselves to survivors. I had a brother, whom I familiarly called Mat, who was a sailor and had gone on a voyage to the Baltic. One Saturday afternoon I was attending to a customer, reckoning up an amount to be paid after serving the articles, when I happened to look toward the window, and was surprised to see my brother Mat outside. Our eyes met; I smiled and nodded to him, and said 'I'll be with you presently,' or something of that sort. I told my master that my brother Mat had come and was standing outside. I was immediately released from my engagement with the customer, and told that I might go to my brother, and also bring him to sleep with me that night. When I went out into the street

expecting to see my brother Mat, he was nowhere to be seen. I spent all the evening seeking for him at places where he might have called, but without success. I was so disturbed at this that I went off home to Shiney Row next morning to see if they knew aught; but he had not been there, nor had they heard any news of him. But this was the astounding coincidence which I learned afterward: Mat died in the hospital at Elsinore about the time when I saw him standing in the street in Durham. The date was October 21, 1837."

### Caught by Clairvoyance

THIEF'S VICTIM CONSULTED THE ORACLE AND GOT A TIP

SUPT. JOHN BIRD, of the Sorrento apartments, at No. 136 Madison avenue, New York City, believes in clairvoyants. There have been a number of petty thefts among the help at the Sorrento recently, and when Bird lost a gold watch and some clothing he saw that something would have to be done. He didn't want to accuse any of the employees, but he did want to find the thief.

Bird gave the matter a good deal of thought and finally decided that he would consult a clairvoyant about the thefts. He called on an old negro mammy who, her customers say, can tell the future as well as the past.

"You've lost something," said the clairvoyant to Bird. "It's a small round thing that can fit in your vest pocket."

"That's it," said Bird, delightedly. "It's my watch."

"Yes, it's your watch," said the old mammy, with a wise look.

Then Bird told the old woman about the thefts. He says she described one of his employees accurately to him, and told him to watch that man and he would find the pilferer.

Deeply impressed, Bird went back to the Sorrento and told his wife that when he wasn't around he wanted her to keep her eye on the day engineer. Following his instructions, Mrs. Bird thought she saw the engineer acting suspiciously in his basement quarters. Bird was informed of this fact and he hurried to the cellar.

In a dark corner Bird saw a case of Rhine wine which he knew didn't belong there. He left the engineer, and watched to see that no one went to his quarters. Half an hour later Bird went to the basement again, but the case of wine had disappeared.

The superintendent hurried to the Tenderloin Police Station and asked the police to arrest Christopher Strauch, the engineer. Detectives Hutchinson and McGuire followed Strauch when he quit work, and when they saw him go into a saloon they followed him and asked the contents of the bag he carried. When he wouldn't tell they examined the bag. In it were half a dozen bottles of Rhine wine. They arrested Strauch and locked him up on Bird's complaint.

The case of wine was stolen from the storage room of Albert Heidelberg, one of the tenants, Bird told the police. Bird only accused the engineer of the theft of the wine. He said, though, that there wasn't any doubt in his mind as to who committed the other robberies. He admitted that he based his opinion on what the clairvoyant had told him.

### Chicago Sees Mirage of Michigan City

At Chicago, on April 6, Michigan City, Ind., more than forty miles southeast across Lake Michigan, was plainly seen in mirage by a large number of Chicago residents.

It is unwise, and certainly not the part of a broad or liberal mind, to ridicule any belief or doctrine. Remember, "ridicule is the argument of the ignorant."

### Wars, Murders, Calamities—Amazing Prophecy for 1901

EUROPE will see a peck of trouble this year, according to the long-distance prophet who in London gets up "Old Moore's Almanac." War and sudden murder and rebellion are commonplaces in its list of horrors.

Last year this more than up-to-date publication prophesied that there would be just one king assassinated in Europe, that England would have a great war and that India would suffer from famine.

The year 1901, according to this authority, will be tumultuous.

January.—A dangerous agitation will arise in France and an attack will be made upon the Republic.

February and March.—Serious uprisings will occur against British rule. Riots and general disorder in all England's possessions in the extreme East.

April.—The month will be comparatively peaceful and uneventful throughout the world.

May.—Ireland will rise against England, following the example of India, accompanied by much bloodshed.

June.—The anarchists will again become active throughout Europe. An attempt will be made on the life of the young King of Spain by his political enemies. He is cautioned not to expose himself in public during the month.

July.—A number of serious catastrophes are promised for this month all over the world, both on land and sea. People intending to take journeys at this time are advised to stay at home till the dangerous period is past.

September.—India will be visited by the most terrible famine in years.

October.—An outbreak will occur among the dervishes which will attain serious proportions before being suppressed.

November.—Serious trouble will arise in Holland because of some new and radical diplomatic policy. The agitation will threaten a great European war, which, however, will be averted.

December.—A number of social disturbances will occur in this month in Europe and America. There will be a number of serious strikes requiring armed intervention.

The prophecy concerning Holland is considered the most interesting announcement in the Almanac. It is feared that Holland may during the year take a stand on the Boer question, which may bring about a concentrated move of Europe upon England.

### They Called It a Miracle

A RIBBON THAT BELONGED TO A SAINT USED TO CHECK A BIG FIRE IN MONTREAL

In these days of wonderful happenings we are not startled at even miracles. The nuns of the congregation of Notre Dame are at present saying prayers to thank Providence for what they believe to have been a miracle in Montreal.

At the million-dollar fire which occurred in that city recently, and which destroyed a number of large warehouses in the rear of the famous parish church of Notre Dame, grave fears were entertained for the safety of the stately pile, and at one period almost every hope of saving it had disappeared.

At this moment the Sisters sent to the firemen a piece of blue ribbon which is said to have belonged to St. Amable, and which had been given to them by Mgr. Bruchesi. The captain of the first brigade was asked to throw the ribbon into the flames where they threatened the church most, and it is declared that immediately after he had done so the fire miraculously subsided in that direction and the church was saved.

A similar miracle is said to have been wrought in Montreal some time ago. The exposure of a statue of the Virgin Mary in front of a convent is said to have saved it from destruction in a fire which swept out of existence every other building for several blocks around.

### Clairvoyant Finds Body of a Drowned Lad

In order to find the body of Clarence Sixbury, a schoolboy, who was drowned recently in Indian River, Watertown, N. Y., and swept away in the flood, his family employed a clairvoyant. The body was soon recovered.

Mrs. Sarah Owens, a clairvoyant of Watertown, accompanied the family to the Sixbury home in the village of Philadelphia and there told of her vision of the place where the body lay, her information coming, she asserted, from the spirit of the boy's great-grandmother.

The body was soon found at the place described.



## Some Predictions of Fortune-Tellers That Came True

LORD ROBERTS makes no secret of the fact that years ago his great march from Kabul to Kandahar was foretold to him by a "fortune-teller," and that he was so impressed at the time that he had full faith in the prophecy.

The late Sir Henry Parkes was the son of a farm laborer in Warwickshire, and, like many of his class, more than ordinarily superstitious. One day at a county fair a gypsy fortune-teller told him that he would find great honor and wealth "on the other side of the world." Parkes selected Australia as the place where the promised fortune lay, and landed at Sydney in 1839 with a wife and baby and three shillings. Fifteen years later he entered the Parliament of New South Wales and ultimately became Premier of the colony, a knight and a man of wealth.

When the British battleship Victoria was lost a certain individual wrote to the newspapers asserting that he had foretold to Admiral Tryon the date and nature of the disaster. This statement, incredible as it may seem, was substantiated later by the production of documentary proof. It was this same astrologer who predicted to President Carnot the hour and day of his assassination.

Mme. Modjeska, the Countess Bozenta, when she was a girl of fifteen, accidentally encountered a gypsy woman in the Ring Theatre, Vienna, who told her that one day she would wear a coronet. Two years later the actress married her guardian, M. Modjeska, and they laughed the prophecy to scorn. Nevertheless, it came true, for after four years of married life M. Modjeska died, and three years after Mme. Modjeska became the wife of the Count Bozenta Chlopowski.

Ten years ago two pretty girls, Rachael and Laura Gurney, were assistants in the establishment of Mme. Elise, a well-known London dressmaker. Dissatisfied with their surroundings, they sought, half in jest and half in earnest, the services of a Bond street sorceress, who promptly comforted them by the assurance that they would marry titled husbands. So preposterous did this seem to the sisters that they vowed to renounce thenceforth all belief in fortune-telling. Nevertheless, the one is now Rachael, Countess of Dudley, and mistress of Witley Court, Worcestershire, Himley Hall, Staffordshire, and a mansion in Carlton Gardens; while the other, as Lady Troubridge, cuts a conspicuous figure in the smartest of smart London society.

Even Queen Victoria confessed to a certain amount of belief in fortune-telling, based on the fact that when a girl, at Broadstairs, she, in company with several young friends of her own sex, had foretold to her a number of events which were fulfilled in a remarkable manner. Among other things she was told of her marriage with Prince Albert, and, further, that one of her immediate descendants was to "reign over a great European Empire not then created." This has come true, as her grandson, the Kaiser, now reigns over the German Empire, which did not then exist.

The utterer of these prophecies was a certain "Mother Madder," a once well-known character at English watering places.

## Men Sit on This Lounge, Then Die

THERE is a luxurious lounge in a room in one of the public buildings in the City Hall Park, New York City, which is called "The Hoodoo." City officials of high and low degree fight as shy of it when they enter that room as though they knew that there was a rattlesnake coiled up in one of the corners. There is not enough money in the biggest national bank in the city to make a Councilman take a seat on it.

Sometimes there are persons who, having occasion to enter the room, and who have never heard of the bad name of that lounge, sit on it and feel just as comfortable as they ever did in their lives. But any city official familiar with the record feels a cold chill when he sees a stranger do such a thing.

Since it was placed in position, two years ago, six well-known men who had occasion to call in the building have passed out of the body. The last time any of them was seen in the City Hall Park region was on that lounge.

"I'm not at all superstitious," said an Alderman, as he pointed out the lounge, "but I wouldn't sit there for one minute for a thousand-dollar bill. The last time the poet Geoghegan was here he sat there. The last time Herman Sulzer was here that's where he sat. They are both in the other world now."

## One Million Dollars for Studying Ghosts, Spirits and Psychic Phenomena.

By R. N. Price, A.M., D.D., in *Magazine of Mind*

In an article in *The Arena* for December, 1900, Prof. James H. Hyslop, of Columbia University, calls for a million dollars, the interest of which shall be applied to Psychical Research. I believe the money will be forthcoming. Intelligent men of means will no doubt see the wisdom of this demand. There are individual capitalists in the land who could set aside a million dollars for this purpose without financial embarrassment to themselves.

No field of investigation is more important and interesting at the present time than this. Psychical Research is too important to be left to the few enthusiastic devotees who are experimenting in various parts of the world. Most of the experiments are private, and are never published; the myriad facts that have come to light lie scattered in the minds and memories of men and women throughout the world—thus rendering a generalization of them impossible. A fund of, say, forty thousand dollars a year would enable well-chosen scientists to prosecute careful and honest investigations to satisfactory results. A large volume giving accounts of experiments could be published annually, so that in a few years abundant trustworthy material would be on hand on which to generalize and from which to infer general principles.

The New Psychology is at present the Dark Continent. It is true that a landing has been effected on its weird shores, but what is now needed is a well-equipped party to explore toward the centre. Professor Hyslop's proposal, if responded to, would organize and equip this exploring party. Let *Mind* renew the call, and let the newspapers of the country repeat it, till the heart or hearts of some wealthy philanthropist or philanthropists shall be touched, and the "sinews of war" furnished. Such a fund should be used, first, to make experiments and to accumulate facts; secondly, to demonstrate the truth or falsity of spiritualism, hypnotism, telepathy, clairvoyance, etc.; thirdly, to inquire into the nature of the soul and its relation to matter; fourthly, to determine the application of psychic force to education and therapeutics.

I believe that Psychical Research has vast possibilities; that psychology will yet, as it is natural to suppose, cap the climax of all sciences. The intelligent world can no longer be satisfied with a psychology based on mere introspection and casual observation. It is demanding that experiments in this field should be made as carefully and as honestly as in the field of natural science. It has a right to expect more wonderful developments in the psychological field than photography, telegraphy, telephony, electric illumination, motor-electricity, the X-ray, etc., in the field of physical science. Surely *Mind* is a vaster field than Matter; and to bring out its wonders nothing is wanting but systematic, honest, intelligent, persevering research.

## Died After a Sermon on Death

A CABLE despatch from Paris to the New York Sun, dated April 6, says: Father Soullan, a monk of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, preaching in the Cathedral at Nantes on death and eternity, concluded by remarking that he had preached Lenten sermons for the last twenty years in many places, and noticed almost invariably that within a week of his preaching someone among his hearers was called to his account. This, he said, was a terrible example made by God, and was no doubt a necessary lesson.

"If the same thing happens here," he continued, "I wish that the person called may be ready to appear before the Lord."

He rested a few moments after the sermon, and then approaching the chancel, fell dead on the flagstones.

## Mrs. Luetgert Haunts the Sausage Factory

News comes from Chicago that the ghost of Louisa Luetgert haunts the sausage factory in which she was murdered. Several persons who live across the street swear her ghost appears nightly. John Seifert, August Beck and Gustave Hess say they have seen the ghost walking the route from her house to the vats taken by her on the night of her murder.

One of our editors will investigate and explain these ghost stories in some coming issue of this magazine.

We would like to hear from any of our readers who have seen a real ghost. Address all such communications to the Ghost Editor of *THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES*.

## She Tells of Blue Music and Ghosts

A LECTURE CONCERNING COLORS

THAT moonshine and every blessed ghost is pale blue in color, that a tornado is of a dark blue hue, and that the soul leaves the body in an orange flame were a few of the novel and unique points of esoteric information secured by the women who attended the lecture of Mme. Alice Le Plongeon, delivered recently at the home of Mrs. Egbert Guernsey, No. 180 Central Park South, New York City.

The subject of the lecture was "Blue and Orange," and Mme. Le Plongeon, the better to illustrate her ideas, wore a becoming gown of dark blue, relieved at waist and throat by touches of orange. Because, however, according to the lecturer's theory, dark blue is depressing to the spirits, a bright orange scarf was draped artistically about the shoulders when the address was well under way.

GHOSTS APPEAR IN BLUE LIGHT

That blue was the invariable attribute of melancholy and of people who found no joy in life, the lecturer proved by asserting that ghosts appeared to "sensitives" surrounded always by a curious blue light. Cheeks and lips lost color and hearts almost forgot to beat while Mme. Le Plongeon told of ghostly experiences of her very own, in which apparitions had always manifested themselves in a blue light. This effect was by no means lost when Miss Mabel Munro, attired in a chilling costume of cold grays and blues, sang Adelaide Proctor's "The Storm," to illustrate the fact that a storm is blue in color.

In the same logical fashion the lecturer deduced that since blue is a cold color, and reason a cold process, therefore reason, or the color of the brain, must be blue. At this point more "blue" music was played and sung by Miss M. F. Sinclair, to show that the hint of blue in moonlight was also the hallmark of pale sentimentality and romance.

When the audience had been depressed and chilled to the last degree Mme. Le Plongeon warmed and thrilled it, and sent it home in touch with real life, by her eloquent remarks concerning orange. Orange, said the lecturer, was the color of revelry and of war. It was the sound of the trumpet call, the color of that vivid dance, the Spanish "bolero," and the color of fire. As a final proof that orange is the color symbolizing life, it was asserted that the soul leaves the body through the head in an orange or yellow flame.

SHE PREDICTS COLOR BATHS

Since color has so tremendous an effect upon life Mme. Le Plongeon predicted that what she called color baths would be the chief delight of afflicted humanity in years to come. A bath filled with water would be exposed to rays of light colored so as to produce the desired effect. For the aged, red was prescribed; for the anæmic, orange, and for the nervous, a bath of pale blue.

## Sees Her Child's Soul in a Pet Dog

MRS. M. E. HALPRUNER, of Alameda, Cal., believes firmly that the soul of her dead daughter, Lillian May Halpruner, dwells in the body of a little Spitz dog she possesses.

On the birthday anniversary of the dead girl, a year ago, she refrained for the first time from going to the cemetery to strew flowers on the child's grave. She had been told a snow-white Spitz pup was to be given to her by a neighbor, and went to receive the gift. The white pup ran away from her, but in its stead a golden-haired pup ran up to her and nestled close.

"At once I saw my daughter's gestures duplicated by the dog," she said. "I knew that twice in seven years Lillian's soul had come back to be near me. The soul of my daughter entered the body of my golden Spitz dog, Earl of Glengower, a year ago, and I treat him as I would my child."

"At night he puts his paws together for a few minutes in prayer, just as Lillian did."

## Strange and Peculiar Dreams

WE desire to print in *THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES* some dreams that have come true.

We will pay \$1 each for the three strangest dreams sent each month by its subscribers.

Especially does the editor desire to receive truthful accounts of Dreams That Have Come True.

Write only on one side of the paper. Write in ink. Write very plainly. Address Dream Editor, *THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES*, 223 William street, New York.

THE higher the wisdom, the more incomprehensible does it become by ignorance.—*Herbert Spencer.*





"Behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream."—*St. Matthew, i. 20.*

In all ages of the world men have believed that dreams were prophetic, or at least suggestive of future events. The Bible from one end to the other contains accounts of dreams and their fulfillment.

The art of divination through dreams was almost coeval with the birth of civilization, and among the great nations of antiquity the expounder, or interpreter, of dreams occupied the most exalted position.

Among the Chaldeans this official was supported by the state in a luxurious palace, so that all might come to him for consultation without fee or reward.

The publisher of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES has engaged regularly as an interpreter of dreams the celebrated adept, PROFESSOR STAR, who, in this column each month, will print brief interpretations of dreams entirely free for its subscribers. To have the meaning of your dream given it is necessary that you be a paid subscriber. Those who are not subscribers can send with their dream one dollar for a year's subscription and the interpretation will be given. Always write the full dream and sign your full name and address, with some fictitious name for print, as we do not print the full names. In cases where PROFESSOR STAR thinks a dream is of vital importance he will write a personal letter to the dreamer. Be sure to address all letters pertaining to dreams to PROFESSOR STAR, Dream Editor, NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 223 William street, New York.

Here are the brief interpretations for this month:

**ANNA H.**—Your dream is unusual and portends great fortune to you. You will marry a very handsome man of strong character, who will make you very happy. Be very careful to not go on a long journey in July—postpone it until August. You must be very discreet and secretive about your love affairs. You have not yet met the gentleman you are to marry, but will meet him before next September. He is now in your aura.

**JOHN WESLEY**—Your dream means that you must avoid having any dealings with an elderly gentleman who is trying to get you to invest in oil properties. Your realm is not in minerals. Some powerful and unseen forces are striving very hard to impart valuable information to you in your dreams. Live a clean, virtuous life so that your sleep will be calm and sweet, and your "guiding and guarding angels" will tell you much in your dreams that will be of untold value.

**LORETTA**—If you only knew what important messages are given mortals in dreams by outside or unseen intelligences you would cease at once to live the gay and frivolous life you are leading. Your dream tells me much, although your letter tells me little. The party who appeared in your dream is a very dangerous person for you to have anything to do with. This dream should be a warning to you. Before you retire at night spend an hour in meditating on some beautiful or high ideal with a strong desire for a message from the highest powers, and they will reach you through a dream. If people only knew the real meaning of dreams and how to prepare for sleep they would get many grand dream messages that would lead them on to great fortune and happiness. I have written you a personal letter, as there is so much of importance to say to you.

**LOGO**—Your dream means that you are to engage in gold mining. You will become a very rich man, and own a valuable gold mine. You are surrounded with the best of influences; your dream is more in the nature of a grand vision than a dream. Pay particular attention to all of your dreams, as they are very valuable and important to you. You must be very honorable and just in your dealings with your fellow men, and then you will have more and better dreams.

**CATHERINE**—Your dream fully indicates to me that you have a bitter enemy who is striving very hard to injure you. Silently pray every night before retiring for light and force to overcome the plots of the dark man who appeared to you in your dream, and you

will have some dreams that will help you. The dream also means that you ought to marry a blond young man, who earnestly and sincerely loves you. You did not say anything about this in your letter, and when you read this you will marvel and say, "Why, how did he know about that?" We dream specialists know more than you think we do.

**EDWARD B.**—Your dream will be realized. This is a dream message that seldom comes to anyone in this part of the world. In India and Egypt the great seers and interpreters of dreams say that this dream always means great wisdom, great wealth and great happiness. You are indeed fortunate to have such a dream. You must have a very lovely character.

**CORA B.**—Your dream is significant of some coming important event in your religious life.

**ALLEN W.**—Your dream is a warning to stop eating so much; overeating brings on many fatal diseases. Heed this warning.

**CASTLE**—Your dream clearly shows that some great and wonderful powers are endeavoring to have a communication with you. Live plainly and quietly and avoid excitement and anger and you will receive some astounding messages through your dreams.

**ALESIA**—Your dream means that you are to soon receive a large sum of money and will then go to Europe.

**CONSTANT**—Your dream indicates that you ought to get married at once; it is a warning that you are wrongfully delaying a marriage that would bring you much happiness.

**JONATHAN M.**—Your dream is a definite and positive warning that you must quit your drinking habits or else you will suddenly be overwhelmed with dire disaster—possibly sudden death. Heed this warning. I should say it comes from your poor worried mother, who passed out of the body about two years ago; she dearly loves you with that grand motherly love that only a mother can give.

**PETITE**—Your dream is a rare and peculiar one, and to give you a correct interpretation I dreamed about it, and got this message: You must not accept any attentions from the young man; he is not true nor sincere. Later on you will meet your soul-mate and be married to a very handsome man somewhat older than yourself. The warning dream you have had is from a very high and wise source.

**ONE**—Your dreams amount to nothing; they are caused by mental disturbance brought about by indigestion. Learn to live an upright, clean life, and then you will be in a receptive condition to get some really valuable dreams.

**CAGE**—Your dream is a warning. Be careful; be very honest. To dream of a cage means imprisonment.

**LAURA**—Ere you read this you will have heard of the death of a friend. See if I am not right.

**CARLOTA**—Your dream need cause you no alarm whatever; it means you are to inherit a large sum of money.

**INVALID**—Your dream indicates that you will live to a great age.

**AZIEL**—Your dream means success in love.

**J. R. T.**—Your dream is a warning to stop the use of tobacco.

**CLARA N.**—Your dream clearly indicates that you are to be greatly honored and respected.

**OSCAR B.**—Your dream unmistakably means that you are to hold high political offices.

**MRS. B. H.**—Your dream clearly indicates that you are not happy, and that it is all your own fault. Your husband ought to have the consideration he demands.

**OLD MAID**—Your dream tells me plainly that it is your own fault that you do not marry; it is a warning to not be so particular; it is a very difficult task to find a perfect man.

**ANDREW**—Your dream is a warning against speculation and gambling.

**MAYBELLE**—Your dream means you are to soon have a constant lover, a happy home and great wealth.

**MAUDE**—According to your dream some admirer will soon present you with a valuable

diamond ring—probably an engagement ring.

**HANNAH K.**—Your dream could almost be called a glorified vision; it portends great happiness for you.

**SPIRITUAL**—Your dream plainly warns you to not be too sceptical about spirit power. You may be dumfounded one of these days by the power of the Psychic Forces. It is not wise nor in good taste to ridicule any religion or belief.

**MYRTIE**—Your dream means that you must exercise care, prudence and wisdom in your investments.

Next month I will have something to say about how we can control our dreams; how dreams are in many instances important messages and warnings; how we can prepare ourselves to receive great aid and valuable and important advice through dreams. For instance, here is an account I cut from a New York daily paper to-day, which shows how we are warned in dreams of coming events:

#### DOCTOR'S DREAM OF THIEVES CAME TRUE

Three thousand dollars' worth of jewelry stolen from Neresheimer residence.

In a dream Dr. Frederick N. Neresheimer, son of E. August Neresheimer, former diamond merchant of Maiden lane, foretold a visit of burglars to his house, in the Bowne Park section of Flushing, L. I.

Dr. Neresheimer's house was visited by burglars early Monday morning and \$3,000 worth of jewelry, most of which belonged to his wife, was stolen.

Had the doctor paid attention to this warning dream he could have prevented the theft of \$3,000 worth of jewelry.

Thoughtless and ignorant people have no idea of what the dream or sub-conscious state means. Many enlightened persons who intelligently and honestly study dreams and their meanings, are helped more in the dream state than they are in the waking state. There is a reason for everything and a meaning for about every dream we have. If I have never met persons and yet know their dreams, I usually know more about themselves than they or their nearest friends or companions know. Interpreting dreams correctly is not an experiment with me. It is done by a Psychic Power which I fully possess. I am always pleased to hear from the subscribers to this magazine, and cordially invite all of you to send in your dreams for interpretation.

Sincerely,

PROFESSOR STAR,

Dream Editor of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, No. 223 William street, New York City.

### A Wonderful Dream

TO THE EDITOR OF DREAMS: I dreamt that I was returning from a professional visit to a patient and was walking along the brow of a small hill or ridge just back of our house. At the foot of the hill some of the neighbors' children were playing; they called to me to know whether I had seen the strange light. I asked, Where? The children pointed east, and immediately I beheld on a hill opposite to where I was what seemed to be a tent (bell-shaped), and out of the tent there shone upon me the rays of what appeared to be the All-Seeing Eye as it is pictured on an Odd Fellows Chart. The light was so strong and dazzling white that it seemed to throw me face downward to the ground, and as I was thrown prostrate I cried out, "God save my soul and body," when I awoke.

DR. B.

**Ans.**—The above vision I should regard as a call from the unseen world to a higher life. A tent or a tabernacle is a temporary dwelling place, so it seems to me that the vision was to show you that the tabernacle of God is now among men. As the All-Seeing Eye was turned upon you, your soul recognized the import, and therefore asked for mercy. Now, if your intelligence will do the same, and be obedient to your heavenly calling by living the life, you will always have reason to thank God for the vision.—EDITOR OF DREAMS.

### As Regards Visions

TO THE EDITOR:

Several Yonkers girls distinctly saw the spirit of a dead girl friend a few days ago. Every month some such phenomenon is witnessed. Yet we still scoff at the idea of ghosts. If the same quota of evidence were piled up in regard to any other thing its existence would long ago have become a recognized fact. We believe in the North Pole, which no one has seen. Then why not in spirits which many have seen?—SPIRITUALIST.

[We will be pleased, at all times, to have short letters like this from our readers. Will some reader answer SPIRITUALIST? We will print the answers, if suitable.—EDITOR.]



## How is Mental Healing Done?

By A. Lovell Bain, in the Suggester and Thinker

WELL, we'll tell you something about it. Now, because you think you know about it, don't for one moment think this is meant for you. If you happen to be an unbeliever in the power of mind, don't jerk your head and snap out, "I don't want to be bothered with such stuff," but put on your thinker and read carefully what we say.

We consider the will the commander-in-chief of the physical forces. Each individual will is, indeed, boss of its own body. It is limited in no respect except by lack of practice, which needs only the "know-how" put into use to attain that practice.

The most common of our acts in everyday life are the results of will power. They are so common that the phenomenal interest is lost. You turn your head, your hand, your foot or your eye, which is a wonder, because you do it with your own willing or volition. It is auto-suggestion executed by command of your will. It is by auto-suggestion that certain habits become, as we say, second nature; that is, we do some things without a special willing.

By a little practice, willing auto-suggestion, you can breathe with your right lung and not your left, and vice versa; you can cause your heart to beat fast or slow; you can force the blood to or from any part of your body; you can move your ears up or down, and cause your scalp to jerk forward and back. All these movements you do and don't wonder at it because they are common; but when I tell you that by the same willing you can remove the worn-out atoms of your body and replace them with new, healthy ones, you don't believe that, because, first, it is going a step farther than you are accustomed to, and, second, because you can't see the action take place. Now, from a mechanical point of view, which would take the strongest willing—the most power to move your body, your head, hand or foot, or a single atom of that same body?

Faith plays a great part in the volition of the mind to move any portion of the body. If a person thinks he can't move any portion of his body, HE CAN'T. Bedridden persons are so, in most cases, because they have not the faith that they can get up. The child learns to walk through faith. Its first feeble attempts increase its faith to make the second; the practice strengthens the muscles, and it accomplishes what it set out to do through a growing faith.

This is how that man accomplishes anything. This is how you can overcome disease, remove worn-out atoms, and replace them with new ones. WILL THIS IN FAITH to be done, and it will be. Though you can't see the result as readily, yet, put your trust in it and the result will appear. The same cause must produce similar results in both cases.

But (and this is a big but, too, and one which many healers don't seem to consider), there must be healthy atoms at hand with which to replace the diseased ones. Repairs in your house cannot be made unless you have new material. Can your body-builder, even at the command of your will, reconstruct your body without material? New material atoms must be at hand or your body must go unrepaired, regardless of the faith or will power exercised. This is a very important factor in mental healing that is usually overlooked.

Give the body-builder a sufficient quantity of good material, and when commanded by the will—auto-suggestion—there is nothing surer than that your body will be put in first-class repair. This means a good supply of pure air, the best of nutritious food and pure water. The air should be breathed properly, the food should be properly cooked and masticated, and the water should be absolutely pure.

Again, of what use were all of the best material you can get if the worn-out atoms of your body are not removed to make room for it? You must first make room for the new material by clearing away the old. The body-builder CAN and WILL do this, but it MUST have a MATERIAL MEANS by which to take it out of the system. This must be a

solvent; and nothing equals pure water for that purpose.

Most people, especially ladies, do not drink enough. For this very reason—the want of a proper solvent—many a case of fever has been induced.

We are constantly dying, and the two processes, cleaning out the dead atoms and replacing them with new ones, must not be obstructed if we would have the best of health. This means plenty of pure water in the system and a strong circulation of the blood.

If the constant repairs to the body were properly made, we could always remain at a certain standard of bodily perfection. But this is not sufficient. You should desire to increase your standard of perfection. Your bodily structure is not perfect, but you can make it so IF YOU WILL IT TO BE.

It is scientific and true that proper physical methods, as well as mental, should be practiced till they become habits, if the patient desires to get out of his old condition and build a new body in health and happiness. It is for this purpose that we insist upon the practice of both.

Reader, it is pure fallacy to talk of mental power—the spoken word or auto-suggestion—manifesting a perfect body out of nothing! There must be something to manifest from.

### Why Should Orthodox Medicine Dread Competition?

IRREGULAR practitioners of healing arts are finding at Albany that eternal vigilance is the price of toleration, says the New York Journal. A little while ago it was Christian Science that was to be rooted out; then it was osteopathy, and now it is hypnotism and suggestive therapeutics.

No doubt there is much quackery in all these schools. It is not entirely unknown in the regular practice of medicine. But such progress as has been made thus far in the knowledge of the human body and of the art of treating its diseases has been made through the liberty of the individual to subject himself to experiment. If the various kinds of practitioners were to match graveyards the cemeteries of the regulars would be found not the least imposing.

And when the regular physicians make medicine a true science they will not find it necessary to run to the Legislature for laws to protect themselves against the competition of heretical outsiders. The astronomers do not have to work for statutes to keep the public from deserting them for the expounders of the doctrine that the sun do move.

### A Remarkable Faith Cure

A. W., in *Metaphysical Magazine*

A FAITH cure is recorded which utterly baffles the acumen of medical materialists to account for. It appears, however, to be well authenticated. A woman in New Orleans had been paralyzed forty-five years. One day last year she was at church and became impressed with the thought that she ought to pray for recovery. She spoke to the clergyman, who concurred. So several persons for more than a year spent a season every day in the intercession. Finally in May last she felt an irresistible impulse to walk. Stepping from her wheeled chair she walked rapidly across the room. From that time her strength to walk steadily increased. Infant children, it may be remarked, acquire the power to walk after a very similar manner. The true philosophy of miracles is the philosophy of mind itself.

### Old Man Changes His White Beard to Black

AT Medora, Ill., seventy-year-old S. V. Keller has changed his white beard into a black one.

"Divine science and will power" are the means the old man says he employed in effecting the wonder.

### Imagination Kills—Can it Cure?

MR. HARMSWORTH AND THE CHINESE TORTURES

An Editorial in the New York Journal

MR. HARMSWORTH, editor of a score of English publications, sailed recently for England, carrying with him, we regret to say, an attack of United States malaria.

Mr. Harmsworth went to Florida early in the past winter to catch tarpon, but the malaria caught him, and bothered him considerably for nearly a month.

Before he left the United States he expressed to the writer his great interest in that display of mental activity which is called Christian Science. A friend sent a Christian Scientist to see him.

He received the Christian Scientist and allowed him to exercise his talents.

Mr. Harmsworth declared that he did not pretend to decide the merits of Christian Science, but he did know that this Christian Scientist or something else had unquestionably done him a great deal of good.

We feel bound always to mention Christian Science with respect. It expresses the sincere belief of a great many thousands of citizens, and all sincere belief is entitled to respectful treatment.

We feel bound also to say, whenever Christian Science is mentioned, that the Christian Scientist who pretends to deal with actual violent troubles, such as pneumonia, typhoid fever, broken bones, is a quack and a criminal.

Having stated this view of the most radical claims of Christian Science, let us examine the one interesting doctrine which Christian Science expounds.

The Christian Scientist gives to his converts a very thick book and a great deal of wordy explanation and comment. He tells the childlike believer that there is no such thing as pain, and imparts other nonsense of that kind.

The main idea in Christian Science, it seems to us, is extremely interesting and reasonable. Here it is: The mind, the imagination, represents the highest development in the human organism. Under proper control they should be able to control the human body, freeing it from ills, from much needless suffering and useless worry.

We are inclined to think that much good will result when men of real scientific ability, free from charlatanism and a desire for quick profits, shall investigate the possibilities of Christian Science treatment.

If you resent the idea that imagination can CURE, please explain how it happens that imagination can KILL.

The Chinese, who have wasted centuries devising ingenious tortures, discovered long ago the art of destroying life through imagination.

Most of us have read about the Chinese torture which consists in allowing a drop of water to fall upon the victim's head at very short intervals.

The succeeding drops of water do no real harm. They do not pierce the skull or even the scalp.

But the constant, monotonous, regular drip, drip of the succeeding drops soon affects the patient disastrously THROUGH HIS IMAGINATION.

He waits for each drop to fall. The anticipation preceding each drop becomes intensely painful. The mental torment increases as time passes and the unfortunate victim of Chinese devilry and HIS OWN IMAGINATION dies ultimately in atrocious agony.

Mr. Julian Ralph, the distinguished American newspaper correspondent, who has traveled extensively in China, informs us that the Chinese have another method of inflicting death through the imagination; namely, by submitting the victim to the sound of a bell held close to the ear.

The bell rings once in so many seconds. It does no actual harm, apparently. It does nothing save excite the nerves of the ear, sending along a succession of useless messages to the brain.

But no man can endure the torture of the bell beyond a certain number of hours. His overstrained imagination kills him.

Since it is evident that imagination can destroy life, must it not also be true that a reversal of the imaginative KILLING process must strengthen and prolong life?

Everybody knows how a feeling of cheerfulness and elation overcomes despondency. Pleasure excites the heart, increases the activity of the lungs and the consequent absorption of oxygen.

Every remotest corner of our physical bodies must be subject to influences of the mind. That being so, there can be no question as to the importance of controlling these mind influences.





## GLORIFIED VISION OF DEAD GIRL AP- PEARS TO TEN AWED MOURNERS

*Apparition of Julia Murray, of Yonkers, N. Y., Visible to Her  
Friends and Relatives While They Were Watching  
Near Her Corpse in the Early Morning*

### FORMAL STATEMENT OF THOSE WHO SAW THE VISION

These are ten of the witnesses to whom, according to their story, appeared the vision of Julia Murray moving about the room where she died, while her body lay in its casket ready for burial:

William Murray, the dead girl's brother, No. 154 Ashburton avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.  
Mrs. James Corbalis, No. 154 Ashburton avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.  
Miss Kate Kane, No. 80 Orange street, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Miss Rosie McGowan, No. 154 Ashburton avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.  
Miss Tessie McGowan, No. 154 Ashburton avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.  
Miss Rosie Kearns, corner of Park and St. Joseph avenues, Yonkers, N. Y.  
Miss Nora Smith, No. 99 Palisade avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.  
Miss Alice Hayes, Vineyard avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.  
John Sullivan, Yonkers, N. Y.  
Martin Monahan, Yonkers, N. Y.

Ten Witnesses Testify with Absolute Unanimity to the Details of the Miracle Which Lasted Several Minutes.

Apparition Appeared in Room Where Julia Murray, Who Was Extremely Pious, Breathed Her Last.

Mother, Radiantly Happy, Exclaims, "My Julia is One of the Saints in Heaven Now." Brother's Story.



ONE of the most remarkable phenomena ever recorded happened in Yonkers, N. Y., about four o'clock Monday morning, March 25, 1901.

Ten intimate friends of Julia Murray, a young girl of saint-like character, say positively that she appeared to them, simultaneously, in a beautiful vision in the early hours of Monday morning. It was in the room where she breathed her last, while her lifeless body lay ready for burial in an adjoining apartment.

Ten of the witnesses, whose names are given, testify to the details of the miracle with absolute unanimity.

The scene of the occurrence is the comfortable home of intelligent people, in the parish of St. Joseph in Yonkers. A priest of the parish vouches for the sincerity of the witnesses, though disclaiming personal knowledge upon which to base an opinion.

The pious life of Julia Murray, the details of the vision, the scene in which the watchers figured, and the apparent absence of a plausible explanation, cause the phenomenon to resemble those which are a part of the history of the Catholic Church and which have added more than one saint to the calendar.

HOW THE DEAD GIRL'S VISION CAME  
Witnesses, Including Brother, Tell of a Miracle—Mother Radiantly Happy

Julia Murray died clasping to her bosom the ebony cross of a rosary placed in her hands by two Sisters of the Parish of St. Joseph. In all that popular parish there is not one who had not been impressed by the saintliness of her character during the eighteen years of her life—a life unspotted by the shadow of the smallest sin.

So when her glorified spectre appeared to watchers in the chamber of death, and during four or five minutes would not be dismissed by doubts felt or expressed, all believed that Heaven had sent the vision, and to-day they believe it more firmly than ever.

"Oh, my Julia is a blessed saint in heaven,"

said her mother, her features showing radiant happiness. Heartbreak over her loss had given way to joy over the certainty that her child had entered into eternal bliss.

Ten of the witnesses of the apparition are named herewith. Their accounts of the vision agree in almost the smallest detail.

In the home of the Murrys two of the chief actors in the vision scene described it in the presence of the mother. During this scene the mother, worn with fatigue of nights of watching beside the sick girl's bed, was in a sound slumber.

#### MOTHER HEARS STORY

She listened eagerly, with clasped hands and beaming countenance, to the story that will never grow old to her. Those who described the wonderful visitation for the fiftieth time since it, according to their oaths, occurred at four o'clock Monday morning, March 25, were her son, William, a hard-headed, hard-headed young man of twenty, and Mrs. James Corbalis, who lives in an apartment in the same building, No. 154 Ashburton avenue, Yonkers.

First it is necessary to understand the arrangement of the rooms in the Murray apartment. In the front room, near the front windows, in a casket, lay the body of Julia Murray, who had died the evening before after an illness of two weeks, of spinal meningitis.

Lighted candles were about the casket. On the mantel at the head of the casket, higher than the others, stood one of the candles. Its rays fell upon the glass covering of the casket and were reflected between parted portières into the adjoining room—the room in which Julia had breathed her last, in a white draped iron bed, with posts tipped with brass knobs.

The reflection cast an oval spot of light on the white wall at the left of the head of the bed. All the evening it had been noticed by the watchers, who filled the rooms.

At the foot of Julia's deathbed hung—and still hangs—a painting of the Virgin and Child, but this on that night was in the shadow of the portières. Against the opposite wall to the right of the bed were two chairs.

At four o'clock in the morning these were occupied by Miss Kate Kane, of Brooklyn, a sixteen-year old cousin of the dead girl, and Miss Rose McGowan, one of Julia's school friends, of the same age.

#### THE BROTHER'S RECITAL

"I was in the third room with John Sullivan, Martin Monahan and other watchers," said William Murray. "I want you to understand in the beginning that I have never believed in ghosts, nor in apparitions or visions

of any kind. When I have heard sincere people tell of them I have always believed that they were to be accounted for by natural causes.

"I was near the door when I heard Katie Kane cry out, as if in great excitement.

"Her tones were so strange that I entered instantly. Katie was kneeling beside the bed, praying. As I entered, Rose McGowan went to the portières, calling to my sister Mamie, who sat beside the casket:

"Oh, Mamie, come! Julia is here!"

"Mamie was angry because, at a loss to understand it at all, she thought at the moment that Rosie had the bad taste to attempt a hoax. But Miss Nora Smith came into the room at once, screamed slightly and fell in a faint. Then I stood by Miss Kane, with my hand on her shoulder to steady her, for she was trembling—and saw the vision.

"It was moving out from near the painting of the Blessed Virgin, along the wall toward the head of the bed. The face was as real as in life. There was a faint image of the bed on which she died. She seemed to be leaning against the pillows, with white draperies mingling with the white coverings of the bed.

#### VISION LASTED SOME MINUTES

"The vision moved along the wall till it occupied the space lighted by the reflection of the candles. It lingered there while a dozen of the watchers in the other room came in and saw it.

"I do not know how long the vision lasted. It must have been four or five minutes. Some of us were silent and others were praying."

#### "MY JULIA A SAINT NOW"

"My Julia is one of the saints in heaven," said the mother. "I was heartbroken; now I am happy and at rest. Never in all her life was there the smallest sin. Often she came to me and said: 'Mother, do you believe that I am truly pious?' I knew that she was. Now she has her reward."

When the mother had told how resignedly Julia lay down to die, and how lovingly she clasped the rosary placed in her hands an hour before her death by the sisters of St. Joseph Parish, Mrs. Corbalis said:

"In the fear of God and in the love of the Blessed Virgin, I say that I surely saw Julia Murray in a vision.

"I entered the room of the vision when Nora Smith fainted. I had heard her fall. The moment I entered I saw Julia. The reflection on the wall seemed to extend dimly to the foot of the bed, where the picture of the Blessed Virgin hung.

"It was a sort of mysterious illumination, in the midst of which was the vision of Julia emerging from back of the picture. It rose very slowly, the covering of the shoulders seeming to be the gown in which she died.

"This seemed to flow into formless white draperies, like folds of linen. I immediately thought of the pictures of the Immaculate Conception. It seemed as though the outlines of Julia's figure were surrounded by filmy clouds, white and luminous.

"Julia's arms were crossed on her breast at first, the tips of the fingers resting on her shoulders. But as the apparition rose and advanced along the wall toward the head of the bed the arms fell slowly—very slowly—till the hands were clasped. Then I saw that between the hands was the black cross of the rosary which was in her hands when she died.

"Every instant it grew more distinct. When the figure was at its greatest distinctness I saw, running through Julia's fingers below the ebony cross, the beads of the rosary on their cord, till the emblem hung below the clasped hands in festoons."

It was Julia; I could see the soft, curly hair about her face floating like on the cloud.

She wore a beautiful wreath of roses and large leaves, and her head was in a halo of bright, red light. Kate Kane was beside me. She cried out to Julia's sister, Mamie, and their brother, Willie:

"Come, Willie! Come, Mamie! Here is Julia!"

Willie came. Katie dropped down on her knees, sobbing: "Oh, Julia, pray for me!"

The vision seemed to understand, for the hands slowly changed to a position as of prayer, the palms together before her face, and then a rosary seemed to drop down and hang as if hung on the left hand.

I could see it plainly, and the face took on a sadder look and the eyes closed, as if she was praying. The vision kept rising and moving along the wall and faded slowly out at the ceiling.

We all had dropped down on our knees for prayer. I said the rosary, fifty-nine prayers altogether, and the others made the answers. I was saying the "Hail Mary" when Katie asked Julia to pray for her.

There were eighteen of us on our knees saying the rosary.

Julia's head seemed in a ball of fire. Her



dress seemed like clouds. Her head slowly fell back, as the vision rose on the wall. When it passed away we all started for the dining-room.

#### WONDERFUL MOVING LIGHTS

Rose Kearns and I were last. Rose looked back. Then she nodded to me to look back. The room seemed filled with light as if it was all afire.

I got a bottle of holy water from the kitchen, and, returning to the room, sprinkled it in the sign of the cross. The light blazed up and was so strong it blinded me and made my eyes water.

Then it went before me like two torches,

making a shadow, and it was dark in the bedroom. That light was a supernatural light, and what we saw was a vision of Julia Murray.

#### ROSE M'GOWAN'S TESTIMONY

*"It Was the Most Beautiful Thing I Ever Saw"*

I was sitting in the place with Katie Kane. I was saying: "Poor Julia; this is where she died."

At that Katie stared at the ceiling behind the bed and called to me:

"Great God! Look at Julia!"

I looked and saw Julia all in white and a wreath of roses on her head, the most beautiful thing I ever saw.

thing worth seeing in front. I went in. When I stepped in the bedroom where Miss Murray died I saw the light on the wall over the bed. It seemed to me a far brighter light than could come from the candles in the parlor, and it was a strange light.

And I saw on the wall the shade of the young girl who was dead. No, it looked more like a picture of her. Her features were plainly distinguishable, and the picture was in the midst of this strange light.

I did not stop to look out, but went through into the front room, for I was afraid her sister, Miss Mamie Murray, might have hysterics, as she was weak and half sick anyway. I am sorry now I did not stay, since I have heard what a sight the others saw.

The home of the Murrys is a model of neatness and comfort. The mother, a widow, is esteemed in the parish for the admirable manner in which she has brought up and educated her children. William Murray is a youth of fine, manly qualities. In the parish no member of the family is spoken of in connection with hallucinations, such as might account for beliefs in this vision. Besides, all the witnesses are of similar reputation.

There are no scoffers to be discovered in the parish. Father Brady, of St. Joseph's, said that he had no personal knowledge of the matter, but he esteemed all the persons



one of red and the other of blue and other colors. It passed into the parlor, paused a moment over the corpse and then passed out through the wall.

I asked the time, and it was 4.30 in the morning. The vision must have lasted five minutes, the lights another five minutes or more.

It was the most beautiful thing I ever saw, and I shall not forget it as long as I live. It was not imaginary; it was real. There was no drink in the house, we were all awake, and I am a Catholic. I know that I should laugh if anyone had told this story to me, for I don't believe in ghosts or visions, but this one was real. I saw it.

#### WHAT ROSE KEARNS SAW

*"Its Hands Were Clasped in Prayer When First I Looked."*

"Mamie Murray and I were sitting beside the corpse in the parlor when we heard noises in the bedroom. Miss Kane, of Brooklyn, called: 'Mamie, come quick; here is Julia!'"

"But Mamie wouldn't go. I went. As I reached the open folding-doors I saw the vision on the side wall. The other girls were on their knees. They said: 'Rosie, look at Julia's shadow on the wall!'"

"Glory be to God, yes," said I. And I stood amazed with my hands on my eyes, for I could not bear the light. I called to the rest to come, and Alice Hayes, Nellie Spillman, Tessie McGowan and others came.

#### SHADE OF JULIA MURRAY

The shade of Julia Murray appeared there. I saw it. It appeared to have something on the head—some say it was a wreath—and a rosary in its clasped hand. It had a white gown that ended in clouds. She looked very natural, but it was a vision and nothing else.

I did not see it when its hands were crossed on the breast, before Katie Kane asked it to pray.

Its hands were clasped in prayer when I first saw it, and it faded out slowly with its head thrown back and a look of sorrow on the face. It all happened long before day-break. It was a rainy morning, anyway, and there was no sunrise in Yonkers.

The heavy portières between the two rooms prevented the candelabra by the corpse from

Katie said, "Julia, pray for me;" and Julia bowed her head slowly and closed her eyes, put her hands together in prayer. A rosary appeared in the hands and we all knelt down and said the rosary. Mrs. Corbalis held the beads and the rest of us answered. It lasted three or four minutes, I think, and seven of us saw it.

#### MARY REGAN'S VISION

*"I Saw on the Wall the Shade of the Dead Girl"*

I was sitting in the dining-room when some of the girls came out and said there was some-

concerned, and knew that they were absolutely sincere.

### This Magazine One Whole Year Almost Free

To introduce THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES to a wide circle of readers we will send it every month for one whole year for only 25 cents, provided you send your subscriptions at once. This offer is only good till June 1, 1901. Send your subscription with 25 cents to-day. Don't delay and forget this great offer until it is too late. SEND TO-DAY.





PROFESSOR LE KARMO, the eminent chirographical seer, has been engaged to write for this department each month brief and correct psychic graphology delineations of character by your handwriting. This is free to subscribers only. If you are not a subscriber and desire to have PROFESSOR LE KARMO delineate your character, send your subscription to our magazine, together with eight or ten lines of your own handwriting, telling us how we can improve this magazine, and your delineation of character will be printed. Sign your full name and some fictitious name for us to print, so that you will recognize your delineation when printed. Be sure to write your full name and address besides the nickname or initials for print. We never print the real names in this department.

**EVANGELINE**—You have a sweet, lovable character and will have a host of friends and admirers because you are polite and considerate. The psychometric voices say: "Tell her to have more faith and hope and all her wishes will be granted and her aspirations will be realized."

**MAE**—You are generous and good natured and have a restless ambition to succeed. That is right. I believe in success. You have lots of personal magnetism; when I opened your letter the psychic vibrations were strong; this is a good sign. Just this instant a voice says: "She will be very fortunate in a little while."

**RUDOLPH**—You are a soul-charming person, and your psychic forces are tremendous. You will be very successful in love. "Yes," says a psychic voice "he will marry Ella, and the property will come to him sure. We are working hard to help him out of his present trouble." You will know the meaning of this message from the unseen. Your writing indicates a strong character.

**HANDSOME**—You are what people call "pretty," but in about two years from now you will be "charming," because the spiritual forces, which make people charming, are beginning to change your character. You are surrounded by many psychic forces. Placing your writing on my head I sense fine vibrations which indicate that you are finely organized. A psychic voice says: "Tell Handsome to not think so much of physical beauty but more of building a fine character."

**H. H. G.**—Your writing produces in me a very peculiar sensation. I trembled when I first took it up. I am afraid you are too timid. Be positive in all you do. Some very strong and helpful psychic forces surround you. A voice says: "Write Yes! yes!! yes!!! Hope, patience and work will bring a great change soon and the desire will be granted." From your writing you ought to be very prosperous. Read this magazine regularly, as it can help you a great deal.

**DOCTOR**—You are restless and ambitious, and have a keen sense of humor. The study of metaphysics and occult science would help you wonderfully. A psychic voice says: "Be kind, be gentle, be patient, the matter you have been apprehensive about we are shaping nicely and it will be all right." You will understand this message.

**CARRIE K.**—You have a fine and strong character with high aspirations. Don't drop your ideals. You will be very energetic in a year from now. Spend much time in the open air and sunlight. The solar vibrations can help you. You are magnetic, but will be more so. A voice says: "Tell Carrie to give much attention to spiritual matters; that the powers of the soul are the greatest powers in the universe."

**STRIVE**—You are very ambitious and have great force about you that will help you to achieve much. Aim high and persistently and hopefully hold to your aspirations and they will in time be fully realized. You are a little bit too critical and suspicious and ought to think more of your own affairs than those of others; your character is strong and you abhor anything that is low and common. "You are perfectly right, Professor," says a strong masculine voice, "tell her to not worry or be anxious and to keep on in her usual energetic manner, and we will help her." Your magnetic vibrations are good and you will attract health and money.

**ANXIOUS**—The most pleasing and delightful psychometric vibrations thrilled me when I took up your note, which indicates that you are a superior person. You are methodical and painstaking in what you do, and will be very fortunate and happy. Two voices speak to you. One says: "Her troubles will soon vanish;" the second voice says: "Tell her I am carefully watching and guarding her all I can, but she must have more faith and confidence in her ability." The meaning of these two psychic messages will be plain to you.

**MARIE**—Your writing means a great deal to me—you are a sweet, lovable character, and you will have much happiness in this life. You are a strong psychic, and as your charming character develops you will attract and draw to yourself just about what you desire. "Yes, tell her that wish she has held so long will be realized in time," says a quiet, gentle psychic voice.

**EUGENE**—Ugh! What wicked and vicious forces surround you! Your writing makes me shake and tremble every time I touch it. I see great danger ahead for you if you do not control your temper. I will write you a personal letter advising you. "Yes, do write him, Professor, and tell him he is breaking several hearts, and when you write to him some strong psychic forces will help you." So I want you to heed my personal letter, Eugene, as I have a strong desire to help the readers of this magazine whenever I can.

**ANNA**—You are enterprising and ought to be

very successful. There is but one way to succeed in this world and that is by putting your whole heart, soul and mind in everything you do. We must all fight bravely and courageously, with God in our hearts. A voice this instant says: "Tell all the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES that faith in and love for the Higher Power will bring true and permanent happiness and true and permanent success, and nothing else will."

When writing to me the writers will get better results if they will pen their communications alone in quiet places. Some letters produce remarkable clairvoyant visions; in such cases, I send a personal letter to the writer, so please write your full name (not for publication) and a fictitious name in your letters.

PROFESSOR LE KARMO,  
Graphology Department  
MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,  
223 William street, New York City.

## The Love Charm

THOUGH oft I pass her in the street,  
I seldom seem to catch her eye;  
She rarely lets our glances meet,  
Although she knows I'm passing by.  
But though to me she does not speak,  
Nor give a look my heart to cheer,  
The furtive blush upon her cheek  
Tells me she knows that I am near.

'Tis true she's full of girlish art,  
A trait that's common to her sex,  
But she is no coquette at heart,  
Though oft her tricks my heart perplex;  
I know she's partial to the rose,  
I've sent her some, both red and yellow,  
Yet out into the road she goes,  
With violets from some other fellow.

And still this love chase I pursue,  
'Twixt hope and fear continued wooing,  
One day o'erjoyed, the next so blue  
I scarcely know what I am doing.  
But one thought I take comfort in,  
And gloomy doubt gives place to rapture:  
The harder she may be to win,  
The dearer yet will be the capture.

## Know and Command the Mysteries of Life

ANYBODY can command the mysteries of the whole span of life; can do anything on earth that he wants to; can learn anything he wants to learn; can command the power that created worlds, if he will only think.

An intense desire for any laudable acquisition is the prophecy of its sure fulfillment. A man is as he believes; the thoughts in which he believes create his body and his external conditions also.—*The Metaphysical Magazine.*

## Cheerfulness in Adversity

ALL powerful beings are cheerful in adversity.

The great Hindu miracle workers get their occult powers by always being cheerful. They do not know what adversity is.

It pays to be cheerful at all times. Prosperity and happiness are bound to come to the cheerful being.

Cheerfulness makes perfect health. Be cheerful, whatever happens.

## How to Control the Mind

WESLEY said: I cannot help evil thoughts from coming into my mind, any more than I can help birds flying over my head; but I can help the birds from building their nests on my head and there hatching their young.

Do not allow bad or impure thoughts to enter and abide or develop. When an impure thought does come, cast it out by immediately thinking of something good—some clean, pure thing.

## Phrenology and Physiognomy

BOTH the study of Phrenology and Physiognomy are very beneficial in developing force and power to help us throughout life.

By thinking the brain can be wonderfully developed. With a good, active, thinking brain fortunes are built. By regularly reading a magazine like this each month one will be benefited. Our articles are food for thought—true brain stimulants.

Now about Phrenology and Physiognomy. We find one of the best articles ever printed on these subjects in Human Nature. The writer says: The signs of character in the face are the result of brain action. The face of a new-born babe is a blank page. Its eyes, nose and mouth are without expression. As it begins to smile the outward corners of the mouth turn upward and its features come to wear an indelible smile.

Where does this expression come from? It comes from the brain organ of mirthfulness. There could be no smile without this faculty. There is no case on record where a man with a low and very narrow forehead ever wore a continual smile.

Humorists are large in mirthfulness, as denoted by a high and wide forehead.

The typical North American Indian has a very narrow forehead; he is not a laugher, but is sullen in his demeanor. Barbarians do not joke, they do not understand or comprehend a joke. Those with narrow foreheads do not, whether barbarian or civilized.

When Hope is very small and Cautiousness very large, as revealed by form and shape of the head, such persons are apt to become despondent and melancholy. See how this affects the facial expression. The corners of the mouth then turn downward and the nose also turns down at the end in a "melancholy fashion."

The action of every brain organ can be seen on the face, so that character can be read by the aid of Physiognomy.

Phrenology, however, is a deeper and more reliable science than Physiognomy. Physiognomy is only a record telling us how a person has lived. It is a surface science and does not reveal the possibilities of men. Phrenology reveals all the latent as well as the active powers of the mind.

The Physiognomy of the earth does not reveal the secrets of the bowels of the earth. For millions of years gold and other precious metals have lain beneath the rocks in California, but neither stone nor fern, or tree or flower told the story to man that untold treasure lay beneath the sod, until Marshall found a nugget at Sutter.

So it is with Physiognomy. By searching the face, signs of character may be traced. But the real and (unknown sometimes) character of the man—his talents, his strength and weakness are only revealed by Phrenology.

The form and size of the head, texture or quality of organization, temperament and other conditions tell the whole story.

## Drop Your Bucket

By S. W. Foss

"Oh, ship ahoy!" rang out the cry;  
"Oh, give us water, or we die!"  
A voice came o'er the waters far,  
"Just drop your bucket where you are."  
And then they dipped and drank their fill  
Of water fresh from mead and hill;  
And then they knew they sailed upon  
The broad mouth of the Amazon.

O'er tossing wastes we sail and cry,  
"Oh, give us water, or we die!"  
On high, relentless waves we roll  
Through arid climates for the soul;  
Neath pitiless skies we pant for breath,  
Smit with the thirst that drags to death,  
And fail, while faint for fountains far,  
To drop our buckets where we are.

Oh, ship ahoy, you're sailing on  
The broad mouth of the Amazon,  
Whose mighty current flows and sings  
Of mountain streams and inland springs,  
Of night-kissed morning's dewy balm,  
Of heaven-dropt evening's twilight calm,  
Of nature's peace in earth or star—  
Just drop your bucket where you are.

Seek not for fresher founts afar,  
Just drop your bucket where you are;  
And while the ship right onward leaps,  
Uplift it from exhaustless deeps.  
Parch not your lips with dry despair;  
The stream of hope flows everywhere.  
So, under every sky and star,  
Just drop your bucket where you are.

[There are many good things right at hand if we would only reach out and grasp them. We must think, read, labor and work for success, and drop our buckets into the well of Knowledge and Wisdom and the river of Hope.—EDITOR.]



## The Wonder-Story of Our Unparalleled Prosperity

Facts and Figures That Read Like an Aladdin Dream

*The Commercial Supremacy of America*

By Chas. R. Flint

Charles Ranlett Flint is a ship-owner on a vast scale, an advocate of large commercial organizations, and a financial factor of great importance in New York, rated worth \$50,000,000. He was born in Thomaston, Me., in 1850. He formed the Pacific Clipper Line, constructed fleets for South American governments, etc. He formed the Export Lumber Company, the largest concern of its kind in the world. In 1881 he organized the Crude Rubber Company, a colossal enterprise. Mr. Flint is a director of the National Bank of the Republic, the Produce Exchange Bank, the Knickerbocker Trust Company and other great concerns. Mr. Flint says:

THE United States Treasury reports show that for 1900 the balance of trade in our favor was nearly \$649,000,000. In other words, this amount represents our net trade returns as a nation from last year's business with foreign countries. This is at the rate of nearly \$2,000,000 a day, \$80,000 an hour, \$1,300 a minute.

Europe needs our goods more than we need hers. Last year for every dollar we spent in Europe, Europe spent \$2.50 in this country. And our money was spent mainly for luxuries, which we could do very well without, while Europe is obliged to buy her necessities from us.

During the first ten months of 1900 our imports of manufactured goods amounted to \$183,523,103, while our exports of manufactured goods for the same time reached the handsome total of \$376,247,618.

A Hamburg newspaper recently pointed out that American tools, shoes, sewing machines, bicycles, agricultural implements, stoves, typewriters, tables, desks, etc., are driving the foreign goods out of the market.

And this wonderful change has been wrought in less than four years, an achievement without precedent on earth.

Our commercial supremacy is not a lucky accident. It is the inevitable result of the working of that law of evolution—"the survival of the fittest." The credit is due not only to our great natural resources, but to our system of centralized manufacture and consolidated management.

The most perfect results of industrial development have been attained in this country. We work under the most modern methods, and we are constantly improving. Our workmen have welcomed labor-saving machinery, instead of retarding its use, as European wage-earners have done.

We have proved that cheap labor cannot compete with intelligent labor. For instance, in 1899, among other things, we shipped 200,000,000 yards of cotton cloth to the Chinese, where the rate of wages is only one-seventh as much as the workers in our cotton factories received.

In 1875 the exports of Great Britain were twice as large as ours. In 1888 our exports were the largest, and last year we were ten millions ahead.

At our present rate of progress we will probably distance the United Kingdom by forty or fifty millions this year. More than this, the indications are that during 1901 our balance of trade alone will amount to more than the entire exports of Germany for the year.

To sum up, while we have a balance of trade of over \$600,000,000 on the right side of the ledger, Great Britain, Germany and France have a balance of trade of over one billion on the wrong side of the ledger.

The United States is to-day the chief gold-producing country of the world, and by the time the Johannesburg mines are again producing as of old we shall probably be still in the first place. In 1900 our mines produced a million and a half a week, and our increase has been pronounced this past year.

What, then, may we expect of the future? Our resources have hardly been tapped. The future triumphs of American commerce will be immeasurably greater than the present. Foreign capitalists realize this, and since the last election, the gold standard having been established beyond question, there has been a rush for American investments which is unparalleled in history.

We have the largest interstate commerce of any country in the world. Our people are not only producers, but buyers as well. The vast trans-Pacific region is being opened up, with its limitless possibilities in the way of trade.

The time may yet come when we shall send as many ships across the Pacific as across the Atlantic. Since 1893 our trade with the East has been multiplied by three.

If a nation of inferior intellect and energy to ours were in possession of the vast ore deposits of the Northwest, on which our dominance of the steel industry is based, they would probably be but slightly developed to-day.

It is not natural resources, but energy and ability plus natural resources that account for our position.

A possible danger in international trade is a "war of tariffs." The United States should not continue to plead "infant industries." Without making radical changes, we should tend to freer trade.

While England, France and Germany have a balance of trade against them, they partake of our prosperity through their interests here, and the balance of trade against them is more than made up by returns through their foreign investments and enterprises.—*The World.*

### Prosperity in Big Chunks

SENATOR MARK HANNA SEES IT COMING

THE other day, at the Waldorf-Astoria, Senator Hanna made the following prophecy to a young newspaper reporter:

"I tell you, young man, that this country is on the eve of an era of prosperity which will surpass anything ever seen in the civilized world. Signs all over the country are pointing to it. Everywhere is prosperity, and the greatest evidence is manifested in the present Administration. Trusts? There are no trusts!"

"We are the greatest commercial nation in the world."

Every wise man is predicting great prosperity. The occult sages and seers prophesied a thousand years ago that the twentieth century was to start the Golden Age.

### Why Some Men Fail

*From the Elmira Telegram*

My song is this: Why some men miss,

In life, their chosen goal—

They seek to fill, with half the will,

A plan that needs the whole.

They sow the seed on mount and mead,

And wait to see it spread;

While, half concerned, they leave, unturned,

The clod upon its head.

They waste in play the light of day,

Knowing that there will come

At evenfall the welcome call

To eat the unearned crumb.

Thus down the tide of life they glide,

In poverty and pain,

Leaving undone, from sun to sun,

The things that lead to gain.

But when the last lone hope is past,

No more to light their way;

And all is lost—they learn the cost

Of doing things half way.

### There's Money Coming to You

If you are an honest worker,

If you are not a whiner and grumbler,

If you don't worry about other people's affairs,

If you have hope, faith, courage and that sort of thing,

If you are not envious and jealous of the rich—of the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, Rockefellers, Sages, et al.

### The Motive Power

Not he who hews the tree with well-aimed axe,  
Not he who tunnels through the stubborn stone,  
Not he who boasts the mettle of Ajax,  
Nor, Zeus-like, huris thunder from a throne.

But he who stoops to watch the daisy grow,  
Who seeks the sap within the sapling's sheath,  
And he who learns by force of mind to know  
The marvels of the universe, beneath.

Not he who rests upon the glory won,  
Not he who sighs to have his life-work through,  
But he who, in the midst of what is done,  
Impatient stands for what is still to do.

—*Mentrose J. Moses, in Success.*

### Fortune and Success

THERE is a better chance to acquire fame, fortune and success now than ever before in the history of the world.

But one must be alert and not idle. Here is what Governor Odell, of the great Empire State, has to say to our readers on the subject:

There is no hope for the idle in this age; but there are great hopes for the shrewd, tenacious, energetic man, whose brains have been rounded into proper shape by a good American education.

The man who would be successful must laugh at defeat and must not consider it defeat at all, but take up his burden and fight the battle anew. Only such men have won—only the men who have been defeated year after year, who have faced the bitterest phases of despair, contumely and contempt, but who have raised their banner after each defeat and carried it finally to glory.

There were times in my early political life when I felt that any further attempts to gain political recognition were as hopeless as recalling the lost past. But I had entered the fight to win, and had determined not to let any defeat stand in the path of that determination.

### The Power of Silence

ALL great adepts know the Power of Silence. Great merchant princes also understand it.

The late Philip D. Armour, who succeeded in piling up a good many millions of dollars that he didn't know what to do with during his span of life, believes the following principles to be the best guides to financial success:

Capital can do nothing without brains to direct it.

No general can fight his battles alone. He must depend upon his lieutenants, and his success depends upon his ability to select the right man for the right place.

Good men are not cheap.

Most men talk too much. Much of my success has been due to keeping my mouth shut.

### Occult Forces Serve Us

THERE is no aspiration that one can conceive of, but can, through growth in spiritual knowledge, become a reality. A world where the invisible occult forces serve man, in answer to his every desire, is no more folly to the spiritual man than a world wherein machinery works for him is unreal to the material man.—*L. A. Mallory.*

### Try This

LET love, gentleness, kindness, peace, calm, tranquillity take the place of hatred, anger, passion, enmity, revenge, turbulence, and then you will find, instead of pain, disease, care or worry, great peace, great strength, great force, and a satisfaction with yourself that you never before felt.

### Live in the Now

*By Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

KEEP out of the Past. It is lonely  
And barren and bleak to the view;  
Its fires have grown cold, and its stories are old.

Turn, turn to the Present, the New.

To-day leads you up to the hilltops  
That are kissed by the radiant sun;  
To-day shows no tomb, life's hopes are in bloom,  
And to-day holds a prize to be won.





"Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,  
A light is breaking, calm and clear."  
—Whittier.

At the present time a tremendous Psychic Light is breaking upon the inhabitants of this planet, especially upon the American people. At every hand we see growth, improvement, development, expansion and progress. We are now nearer the absolute truth of being than ever before. We live in a new and powerful Light. Ours is truly the golden age. The drama of thought is now a continuous performance. The psychic and mental forces are at work as they never were before. It is the epoch of soul and mind, where the psychical force is seen to be the alpha and the omega of conscious power.

We are once and for all time free from the "Good Old Times"—the good "old days" of superstition, when life was a bitter drudgery and the comforts and luxuries were few and far between. Now and then you hear a groaning pessimist pining for the good old times and bitterly railing against the present progressive days. Such growlers are always unhappy, thoughtless mortals who attract to their egos all the bad and disturbing vibrations of the universe, and they have an awful hard road through life. Fortune rarely smiles on them, and if it does they do not know how to enjoy her favors.

The power of thought for good or bad is tremendous. "Nothing is either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." The great souls of this great age who are doing the great things and reaping the great rewards are those souls who live in the *Now or Present* and are thankful that they do not live in the so-called "good old times" of stage-coaches, tallow dips, flint and tow and that sort of thing. It is passing strange, how tenaciously some persons still cling to the primitive days and are blind to the present grand days of progress along all lines.

In philosophy, religion, science, art, literature, commerce, finance and everything we see the most rapid advance and progress. Those who do not see it, or will not see it, are simply standing still looking through the wrong end of the telescope, and getting real hard knocks at every turn. Eternal progress is the Almighty will, and those who will not, or do not get into the spirit of the times must take a back seat and suffer. In other words, man's highest development, growth, health and happiness depend entirely upon his keeping up with the times or the march of progress. He must be up to date.

Cheerful, hopeful, sanguine, optimistic and enthusiastic souls are in the right psychic vibrations and will attract from the unseen and hidden realms forces and powers that will make their paths easier, rosier and happier than the paths of the blue or morbid pessimists. Therefore, how important it is for us to cheer up and look on the bright side of things. Anyway, it is the duty of everyone, no matter what their griefs or sorrows or troubles are, to be cheerful. Cheerfulness is a great power to overcome disease, sorrow, grief and adversity; it is a prayer which will be answered with good, and ease our troubles. Pessimism, whining, murmuring and complaining are insults to the great Creator and Ruler of this Universe.

Anyone who by thought, deed or action retards progress retards his own individual progress. It is well then that a Light is breaking calm and clear through all doubt and all fear. Not a second passes that this world does not get better. Love, Truth and Light are rapidly freeing us from our doubts and fears, and through the power of soul and mind ignorance, superstition and fear are vanishing and we are getting great power to do. In this great age we know better how, when and where to do than ever before in the history of man. The grand results of our work show this conclusively. The things we do to-day, if spoken about one hundred years ago, would have been thought impossible.

Probably the good old souls of the good old times would have burned our Edisons and Teslas as witches.

"The ideals of one age become the idols of the next." Through the comparison of the present with the past, we can see the light of power is now bursting forth in abundant and radiant glory. The birth of a new and glorious age has taken place. The new man is an embodiment of hope, strength and courage. Light in the form of education is spreading everywhere. Light is softening the hearts of men. Everywhere we see men of wealth giving away in a single day vast sums for universities, colleges, schools, libraries, hospitals, churches, etc. Yet, there are some with greed and envy in their hearts complaining and saying that these times cannot compare with the good old times; that the world is not progressing. They should say, that they, as individuals, are not progressing. Such a thinker cannot have much prosperity.

The pessimist or grumbler never has much confidence in himself or human nature and does not inspire confidence in others. "No man can inspire confidence in others who has not confidence in himself." Moreover, without confidence in our ability to succeed, we cannot expect success. Much failure is due to a lack of confidence and too much conservatism. "Conservatism is the serpent that crawls upon its belly, eating the dust of obsolete ideas."

Let the readers of this magazine who aspire to success and happiness persistently yearn for Light, Life-force, More Spirit and they will begin to learn the secret of acquiring great psychic power and attracting forces that will help them to a wonderful degree. The desire to know, desire to do, desire to achieve, if firmly, cheerfully and hopefully held will be completely fulfilled. Thus we draw from the storehouse of the universe the breath of life and great psychic power. Aspire and Desire, Desire and Aspire continuously and you will soon get in touch with the great Light which is shining so radiantly at the present time. When desire is awakened in the heart, the Light is born, never to go out. A new and powerful Light glows in the soul's centre. The Spirit of Life then vibrates as it never vibrated before.

"No one was ever yet made utterly miserable except by himself." Some men and women make themselves miserable by thinking and dwelling all the time on their own woes and miseries and those of the world. In time such persons become negative and powerless, and have no force to help themselves or others. Other great souls are always bright and cheerful and see the world progressing in an orderly way and become fully alive with joyous vibrations which make them very positive, forceful and helpful. The psychic Light makes such cheerful, hopeful beings luminous, magnetic and powerful. They represent the embodiment of goodness and have the highest spiritual activity. If you would not be miserable stop thinking about misery, and earnestly desire the imperishable and everlasting Psychic Light, which illumines the way to all real progress.

I hear someone say, "Oh, it is easy to write about these things; he has never had my worries nor my troubles." Up to ten years ago, I suffered much with disease, sorrow, grief, abject poverty and general failure. In a slough of despond and in almost utter hopelessness I uttered a silent sincere appeal to the Higher Powers for Light, and almost instantaneously Light and Force lifted me out of a most dangerous disease, and I was carefully guided and directed in the study and practice of psychic-mental science under the greatest adepts. Since then I have been in the most perfect health, am cheerful, happy, and progressive. The psychic Light not only made me a new man, but it is with me all the time as my guiding Light. With this ever glowing powerful Light I see with the psychic eye, and what do I see? That the

universe, this solar system and this planet are run in the most perfect, intelligent and orderly manner; that everything is eternally progressing; that man is exactly as he thinks.

Next month I will give some simple, comprehensive rules for acquiring great psychic power. In the meantime let us be as cheerful, happy and progressive as possible.

FRANK HARRISON.

## Carnegie, the New Messiah of the Age

HAIL, ST. ANDREW OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, REDEEMER OF THE MASSES! CRIES THE REV. HENRY FRANK

THE Rev. Henry Frank paid a glowing tribute to Andrew Carnegie recently before the congregation of the Metropolitan Independent Church of New York City. He spoke, in part, as follows:

"Andrew Carnegie is a revolutionist. With one bold stroke he has uprooted by the roots one of the vested ideas of the race. It has always been assumed that he who acquired wealth was its rightful owner and possessor, despite the claims of all contestants. But this prince of industry, whose wealth has almost reached the top notch of human achievement, seems to have discovered a new gospel and fearlessly proclaims its principles:

"Whosoever holds his wealth for selfish use alone is a thief; he who dies overburdened with wealth is a criminal.

"One must needs uplift his heart in hope when he discovers that amid all the sordid ambition and avaricious aggrandizement of the age there has come a true Messiah as a relief to the masses and a rebuke to the masters.

"The great question, however, which presents itself as the issue of Mr. Carnegie's philanthropic efforts is what effect his performance will have upon the smug and self-satisfied rich. Will it result in transforming their ideals, in forcing upon them a more serious consideration of the conditions of the multitude, and in awakening in their breasts mutual emulations to assist in uplifting the oppressed and bestow upon them the desirable comforts of life?

"I am loath to believe that Mr. Carnegie is the only fortunate individual whose breath kindles with such noble ambition. I believe that he has set a rapid, far-reaching and aggressive pace, which will instigate the heretofore halting and indifferent aristocrats of a nation to follow in his wake and imitate his noble activity.

"Carnegie is the new Messiah of a new age. He is the forerunner of a new type of the American rich, whose crowns will be placed upon their brows by rejoicing multitudes, who will ultimately delight both in their financial leadership and in their philanthropic endowments.

"Hail, St. Andrew of the twentieth century, whom no church or religious conclave will canonize—for he is a man without a church—but whom the common people through all time will acclaim benefactor, educator, friend and brother!"

## Personal Magnetism

By William E. Towne

PERSONAL MAGNETISM is not some mysterious and wonderful power possessed by the select few, neither is it a "gift" which comes to one by inheritance. It is nothing more nor less than personal force, the strength manifested by a strong mentality which is conscious of its power, together with the aura which emanates from the body of a healthy person at all times. This aura is impregnated with the personality of the individual, hence when a person is positive and healthy mentally and physically we say he or she is magnetic.

The quality of magnetism is a matter of temperament. A person of the mental temperament will impart mental force to his magnetism. A person of strong animal tendencies will impart animal force to his magnetism, etc.

## Voice of the Soul

ALWAYS the soul says to us, cherish your best hopes as a faith, and abide by them in action. . . . Such shall be the effectual, fervent means to their fulfilment.—Margaret Fuller.

ONE silver quarter sent at once will secure this magazine for one whole year. This liberal offer is only open until June 1, 1901. Send your subscription to-day.

NEXT month we will print a very interesting article on psychic or metaphysical healing.



## Dynamic Power and Energy of the Soul

*Psychic Power the Greatest Force in the Universe—Its Great Power for Joy, Health, Prosperity and Happiness*

On the editorial page of the great New York Herald each Sunday is printed a wonderful and powerful sermon from the pen of the celebrated preacher, the Rev. George H. Hepworth. These so-called sermons are short and up to date, and contain gems of thought of special interest to mystics and the student of the occult. Each month we will reproduce one of these powerful sermons, which will give strength and power to all who read them with care and thought. The following sermon on How to Serve God is full of inspiration:

And thou, Solomon my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind.—I Chronicles, xxviii. 9.

How differently we look on life at different periods! We really live three or four kinds of life between the cradle and the grave.

In early youth, for example, the days go with leaden feet. From the half-holiday in the middle of the week to the other half-holiday at its end seems to be a small section of eternity. The hours of boyhood are longer than the months of manhood. In later years, on the other hand, when the coins in the treasury of time have grown to be small in number, we rush by the weeks as we rush by the telegraph poles when on an express train. But what an exquisite season our youth is! The boy opens his eyes on a beautiful world, and every passing moment is a special delight. He is in harmony with the universe and joins in the chorus as the morning stars sing together. He may not appreciate the situation, but he is charmed by it. He wants to live forever, and the thought of death chills, possibly terrifies him. In the full and magnificent flow of physical vitality, he dreams great dreams, builds castles in the air of which no architect could make a definite plan, and is happier than any language can express. It is ordained that we shall begin our long career in that way.

When manhood comes stealing on with slippered feet the dreams fade away and we stand face to face with grave and stern realities. We need muscle of body and muscle of mind to do our work. Disappointments check our hoped-for progress, and so far as this world is concerned we feel sure of very little. The optimism of earlier days gives way, and the tendency, both spiritual and mental, is in the direction of a mild kind of pessimism, which is as harmful as a drop of poisonous acid in a glass of pure spring water. We are all of us conscious of this, and we all of us yield to it in some degree, unless we know of a well from which we can draw water without the accompanying drop of poison.

I venture the assertion that it is impossible for any man to go through life keeping a cheerful temper and a trusting heart unless he has that series of uplifting thoughts which it is the privilege of our religion to furnish. But with those thoughts in his firm possession he is superior to any possible experience. Life makes one tired, but religion is like the sweet sleep from which he rises refreshed. Life makes one hungry, but religion is like the food which nourishes the worn tissues. Life is a stormy season, but religion is the sun that breaks through the clouds and floods the landscape with longed-for light and heat.

It would be folly to deny that from morning to evening we have a hard day's work. It is not easy to live comfortably or serenely; it is impossible to do so without religion of some kind. Your very health depends largely on your state of mind, and when your mind has soared to that realm in which your God dwells, not only does your body respond, but your whole outlook undergoes a change. If you look up and see nothing but darkness, the shadow of that darkness engulfs your days; but if your upward gaze discovers God and immortality, your pathway becomes light, even though it be rugged and difficult. If there is nothing ahead of you, if graves are simply graves and nothing more, if broken ties will remain forever broken, your mental attitude produces a depression which is close to despair. But if, on the contrary, you are convinced that the universe has a Master, and that your road to a better world lies through struggles as well as joys, through

tears as well as smiles, and if by faith you can look forward to rest, to higher activities, to reunion, there comes into the soul a something, a dynamic energy, a cheering force which makes despair impossible and changes despondency to hope.

That kind of religion is what the boy needs when passing through the formative period, when he is laying the foundations of a character. It does not interfere with his joyousness, it is not a cloud in his sky, but an additional source of physical happiness.

It is what the man needs when he is in the midst of affairs and when the pessimistic forces are at work. It illumines his ideal, as a white statue is illumined by a calcium light, and teaches him that loyalty to eternal things is better than the gainful success which he must leave behind him.

It is what old age needs when it faces the inevitable, for it opens the door of the future and discloses such radiant facts that death is only a sweet sleep from which the soul rises to cross the threshold of eternal life. Religion crowns all periods of life with hope and joy.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

## Queen Victoria's Comforting Belief

It is reported that Queen Victoria was a believer in the theory that our departed loved ones are given the privilege of watching over those of us who are still upon this earth and are exposed to the temptations and sorrows of this life. The Quiver states:

"It was the great consolation of her bereaved years that she felt that the Prince was watching over the events of her life. During her retirement at Osborne, immediately after the Prince Consort's death, the Queen found 'her only comfort in the belief that her husband's spirit was close beside her' for he had promised that it would be so. This was told to Dean Stanley by the Queen's half-sister, the Princess Hohenlohe. The belief that the spirits of the dead are hovering about those whom they loved on earth may be the reason for Her Majesty's dislike to second marriage, especially the remarriage of widows."

## Some Grand Old Men

POPE LEO XIII, aged ninety-one.  
Sir Frederick Hall, ninety-four.  
Earl of Perth and Melfort, ninety-three.  
Sir Charles Nicholson, M.D., ninety-two.  
Sir Henry A. Pitman, ninety-two.  
Admiral Sir H. Keppel, ninety-one.  
Duke of Cambridge, eighty-odd.  
Sir John Tenniel, eighty-two.  
Li Hung Chang, eighty-four.

It is now getting to be a very common thing for men and women to reach one hundred years or more. All life insurance companies carefully watch the average age of man, and they uniformly report that we are living longer and longer as civilization advances.

## Eva Best's Idea

This brilliant writer of occult truths, in a recent issue of the New York Metaphysical Magazine among other things said: While we tarry here we should take heed of our precious moments; should seek to live unselfish lives, with arms and hands outstretched to all the world; should live clean lives and think pure thoughts, and harbor not enmity nor malice, nor jealousy, nor revenge; for enmity sours the heart, malice warps it, jealousy devours it, and revenge burns it as in a ravaging fire. Rather within the mysterious, growing cells of our being store hope and faith and charity and love.

## How to Keep Young

MADAME BERNHARDT, the great actress, who retains youthful grace to a marked degree, declared the other day to a newspaper interviewer that she managed to keep young by thinking young; that she held a strong desire to not grow old and feeble. She is a very active, hard-working woman, and occupation and enthusiasm in her work help her to retain her youthful feelings and looks.

## The Spiritual Force at Work Everywhere Now as It Never Has Before

THE STRAIGHT EDGE 16

THE New York Sun is printing a good deal about the Straight Edge Association, which anybody may join who will work and keep the Golden Rule.

It began with two dollars cash, finds a livelihood in its co-operative enterprises and is enlarging them. Drones and idlers who joined soon wearied.

"The Straight Edge Association," said Mr. Wilbur F. Copeland, who would be the association's head were it not a co-operative commune, where everybody has just as much authority as everybody else, "was formed to study and live up to the Golden Rule. Here are our constitution and by-laws:

### "CONSTITUTION

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

### "BY-LAWS

"(1.) Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

"(2.) In honor preferring one another.

"(3.) Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth.

"(4.) I am in the midst of you as he that serveth.

"(5.) Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men to be seen of them.

"(6.) Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, of good report, virtuous, praiseworthy, think on these things.

"(7.) This constitution and by-laws cannot be repealed or amended by any majority, however large or respectable; but supplementary articles, consistent herewith, may be adopted from time to time when found to be expedient.

"Under the principles thus set forth we conduct a bakery and a printing office at 240 Sixth avenue, New York City, where we all live and do our own washing, cooking, scrubbing and general housework. There are sixteen of us now, men and women, and we have a number of applications for membership since the story of our existence got into the newspapers. We have been in operation two years and several papers got wind of us from time to time and sent reporters to us to find out all about us. But we always sidetracked the reporters. We did not desire any notoriety. But we had to have it when we came to apply for corporation privileges, and we had to be incorporated in order to hold property.

"I was living at a Mills Hotel two years ago when the idea of forming some such association as this suggested itself. There were four of us who talked it over, and the first night we met we had just \$2 among us. But one of the four had been to Santiago and had a number of war relics which he sold. With the proceeds of that and our \$2 we started. Then my own salary began to come in, and that helped us out. We took a house away over on West Tenth street at first. Then we took a flat lower down in Sixth avenue, then we came to our present place, 240 Sixth avenue, and there we are going to remain even though we have leased twenty-odd acres down on Staten Island.

"We are going to start a lunch room in or near our Sixth avenue house soon and we will raise the vegetables for it down on the Staten Island farm. We will also run a laundry at the Staten Island place and gradually extend to other lines of work there.

"Anybody can join us who wants to work and wants to live up to the Golden Rule. We have no drones. We have had such come and try it, but they found it unpleasant and left. To what extent we will grow and succeed is for the future to determine, but we are all very hopeful and very happy and contented."

## Never Too Late

By E. G. Holtzman

It is never too late to purpose and do,  
It is never too late to find what you can do,  
It is never too late to cast off error's chain,  
It is never too late to say: "I am free once again!"

It is never too late to be kind and sweet,  
It is never too late to cheer those we meet,  
It is never too late to be sowing good seed,  
Remembering, *Now* is all the time we need.

It is never too late to be lowly of heart,  
Drive out pride, and the lilies of meekness will start.

It is never too late for the heart to be right,  
And your feet will then walk in a path of light.

SCIENCE works only on the outward rind of things.—Emerson.



## The Old Astrologer's Startling Story

FORETOLD BY THE STARS

By  
E. W. M.  
in  
THE ADEPT

**I** DO not like it," said the old astrologer to himself, as he turned for a second look at the handsome couple who had just passed him. "She seems too nice a girl to sacrifice herself like that."

"Cannot you prevent it?" The astrologer wheeled as the unexpected question met his ears, and faced the speaker—a woman about his own age, handsome, well dressed and a stranger.

"You are not acquainted with me," she said, smiling pleasantly, "but I know I am talking to Prof. Rudolph Zimmerman. I am Mrs. Merwin, a student in the A B C class of the occult, and godmother to the young lady who just passed this way."

"Being her godmother, Mrs. Merwin," was the grave reply, "why do you not prevent it?"

"How can I? I wish you would advise me. I am on my way to Central Park, Professor Zimmerman; will you walk with me a little way? This is unconventional, but we are both old enough."

"Not to be slaves to conventionalities. Thank you; I shall be delighted to accompany you. And now, tell me, how far has it gone?"

"First, please tell me what you know of the young man?"

"I have read his horoscope."

"He is a social favorite, as you doubtless know, having read his horoscope; the son of a good family, fine-looking, well educated, accomplished in many ways—in fact, a matrimonial 'catch'—if I may be pardoned a little current slang—and the girl's parents give their consent."

"Yes? And you?"

"Have little influence, except that I am childless and—not poor! Daphne, as I have said, is my godchild, and my love for her leads her parents to believe—"

"I understand. If you were really to oppose this match, and should strengthen your opposition with hints as to your last will and testament—"

"I presume the parents would take my opposition into consideration. I am not so sure about the girl. Having never known poverty, she does not fear it, and it would be difficult for her to imagine a situation where she might be less comfortable than she always has been."

"What have you against the man?" asked the astrologer, curiously.

"Absolutely nothing except a fixed idea. That is the trouble. I don't like him; I don't trust him; I fear him; yet I don't know why. That is why I spoke to you just now. Happening to overhear your remark, I thought you might help save my godchild from what I believe will prove a most unhappy marriage."

"Can you give me the exact date of the young lady's birth?"

"I can send it to you. There is a record of it."

"Do so, please. There is another suitor, perhaps?"

"Why do you ask? Do you know him?"

"No. I judged by the young lady herself that she would be likely to have more than one. My work, you know, makes me rather observant."

"There is a young man—Albert Mitchell. I like him. I should like him even if he were not the son of my dearest friend—and there was a time when I had strong hopes that he and Daphne would marry. Nothing could please me better—but Daphne does not seem to like Albert Mitchell as well as she did."

"Then he did interest her at one time?"

"Yes, before she met Henry Hunter."

"I do not like it," said the old astrologer again. He was in his study now, seated at his desk, and three charts, peculiar to astrology, lay spread out before him. In an easy-chair near him sat Mrs. Merwin. As he spoke he picked up a chart, on the margin of which this inscription was to be seen: "Aug. 12, 1865, 3.28 A.M."

"You see," he said, "he has the twenty-ninth degree of Cancer rising."

"And that means?" asked Mrs. Merwin.

"The Egyptian symbol of the twenty-ninth degree is a man hanging," was the grave reply.

"Oh, mercy!"

"Yet he may never hang," with a smile; "indeed, he may get through life with a fairly good record, although the chances are against him."

"I see Mars in conjunction with Mercury in Virgo," said Mrs. Merwin. "If lying could get him out of a scrape, he wouldn't hesitate, would he?"

"I should say not. Then we have Mars and Mercury in conjunction, which foretells a gambler, while Saturn, afflicting the ascendant, and the Moon opposite to Saturn is a strong testimony of cruelty. I should not like to be in this man's power, if he had any reason to wish me out of the way."

"But the casual observer would certainly not read him in that light. He seems pleasant, always ready to do small favors—"

"I know; it is all here—a handsome, pleasant, modest, lying villain!"

"Professor Zimmerman, what can I do to save Daphne?"

The astrologer took up another chart, and studied it carefully for a few moments without speaking. "Oct. 5, 1874," he said, musingly, "at thirteen minutes past seven in the morning. Libra rises, Venus, her ruler, has Saturn on her ascendant exalted, Jupiter with her Sun just leaving a sextile of Uranus, that shows her indecision concerning them."

"There is no indecision, so far as I can see," interrupted Mrs. Merwin.

"Nevertheless, she is perplexed. She realizes that Mitchell is the better man, but he is fourteen years older than she is, and his manner is too abrupt to please her. She has too great a regard for mere appearance, and therein lies her danger. The Sun is just leaving a sextile aspect of Uranus and forming a good aspect to Jupiter. Mrs. Merwin, just now your god-child is in danger of marrying Hunter—a hasty and secret marriage—but if she can be kept from doing so for just a little while, she will, of her own accord, choose the better man."

"I might take her abroad," said Mrs. Merwin, her kindly face brightening at the thought.

"It would be a good idea, but I'm afraid she won't go. I see no journey for her in the near future, but try it. Meanwhile, I'll send her a copy of these charts—"

"Oh, she must not know I've been to you."

"She shall not. See this aspect of Uranus and the Moon," pointing to the chart. "That shows a love for the occult and the mysterious. I'll send her the charts anonymously, and she will be sure to give them a reading."

On the evening of the next day Daphne sat alone in her room, reading a peculiar document that had come to her through the mail.

"Please study the enclosed character sketches," she read, "for they tell a most interesting story. It is of a good girl, with considerable obstinacy, yet easily influenced, who has two lovers. One is, to all appearances, all that a girl's heart could desire. In reality, he has all the characteristics of a villain, and if his wife does not kill him before she has lived with him a great while, he will kill someone else, for he is a man who would not stop short of murder. The heroine, if she marries him, will see her mistake before the honeymoon is ended. There is little likelihood of her killing him, although she will hate him enough for that, but, seeing her mistake, she will give the other man the wealth of love that should have been his from the first. A man with Gemini rising, Mercury ruling, Venus in Taurus, and with the Moon in mid-heaven and in Pisces, is sure to make a husband whom a woman can trust; he is one of the men whose good qualities are bound to win love, sooner or later, but the love of a married woman will never sway him in the least."

Daphne read the letter through twice with a curious expression on her face, then studied the three charts and the horoscopes accompanying them.

"I wonder who could have sent these things!" she exclaimed, throwing the offending papers on the floor. "It is all nonsense—mere bosh—and impertinent besides. I wonder if anyone really believes in such stuff!" She stooped and picked the papers up again, and turned once more to the sheet bearing the date of her birth. "It is ex-

actly like me," she said, "a wonderful delineation of character; but that could easily be written by one who knows me well enough to know the hour when I was born—but who, of all my friends and acquaintances, could have made out a chart like this? It is certainly very puzzling."

Puzzling though it might be, the matter did not trouble our heroine for any great length of time. She had other things to think about—that trip to Europe with her god-mother, for instance. Should she go, or shouldn't she? Henry seemed to favor it—Henry, her husband, to whom she had been secretly married only two days before.

"It will do you good, dear," he had said, when she told him of her god-mother's proposition; "and nothing can be gained by your staying here, for at present our marriage must be kept a secret. We could see very little of each other—"

"But it doesn't seem quite right to go, under the circumstances," interrupted Daphne. "She thinks I am still single—"

"As long as she thinks so, what difference does it make? You are a wife only in name, and hardly in that."

"But her stipulations, Henry—don't you remember?"

"About her will, do you mean?"

"Yes; if I agree to put off my wedding day until we return she promises to make her will in my favor. Such queer conditions! I can't understand—"

"I can. She thinks your love for me can be cured by separation—"

"Oh, Henry!"

"She does. She has never liked me. She would separate us if she could, and if I show a desire to get even—"

"Don't talk that way, Henry. I hate getting even. Mrs. Merwin has always been good to me—"

"You don't imagine I am asking you to be bad to her?"

"Oh, no, but—"

"Let her have a good time, Daphne, in her own way. Go with her, since she wishes it, and remember that, where ignorance is bliss—"

"But the will, Henry! I am almost sure she intends to make it before we leave."

"Well, can't she destroy it upon your return, when she learns that you are Mrs. Henry Hunter? Depend upon it she not only can, but will; but she will have had her good time, just the same."

A happy smile crept into Daphne's eyes as she recalled this conversation.

"It was so unselfish in Henry," she said, softly. "He doesn't consider himself at all, yet he is unhappy if one day passes without his seeing me. But he is right—my dear, good husband always is right—and so I will go to Europe with Auntie Merwin, and I'll forget my desire to be with Henry in my efforts to make this the very happiest time she has ever known."

Daphne went to her closet to choose the garments she would need on her journey, but before the first one had been taken from the hooks she was startled by the sound of hurrying footsteps and the unceremonious entrance of Katie, the cook.

"Oh, Miss Daphne," she faltered, "come quick, come quick! your mother has fainted!"

"She was told, without warning, of Mrs. Merwin's death," explained Daphne's father, in a low tone, as Daphne entered her mother's room. "Don't you faint, Daphne! Brace up! Rub your mother's hands, while I remove her shoes."

Daphne controlled herself, and while she worked over her mother she heard the particulars of the tragedy, in so far as the father knew them.

"It seems," he said, "that Mrs. Merwin's dead body was discovered more than three hours ago, but the discovery was kept quiet until the doctors and the coroner had made a preliminary examination."

"What was it?" gasped Daphne, with stifening lips. "Heart failure?"

"No, poison. Someone had sent her poisoned candy—sent it to her, a woman who never made an enemy. Why, Daphne, my girl—"

The father caught the swaying form, but in a moment she had gained her self-control.

"I will go to my room for a moment," she said. "Don't worry; I'll be all right, and mamma is better now."

A bright fire smouldered in the grate, and Daphne hastily gathered the charts and horoscopes and fed them to the blaze.

"If his wife does not kill him," she repeated mechanically, as she bent over the fire, "he will kill someone else;" and these words were the last to become obliterated of all those she had fed to the flames.

"Why should I think it?" she moaned, throwing herself into a chair. "It is cruel, outrageous, insane! He never would do a thing like that. I do not deserve to bear his name. Oh, God, punish me as I deserve for



letting such a wicked thought come into my mind."

But even in the midst of her wildest protestations something within her—something indefinable, but not to be ignored or set aside—kept pressing, pressing upon her half-crazed brain one unformed, wordless thought, and she knew that the underlying, unreasoning fear that had oppressed her since she first saw Henry Hunter was now materializing into a belief in his guilt which would never leave her.

Among the papers found in the dead woman's desk was a will, executed only the day before, in which all her property was left to Daphne. There was also found a copy of the three horoscopes and of the anonymous letter to Daphne which she had so carefully destroyed, and with these was a signed letter from Professor Zimmerman to Mrs. Merwin.

"I wish to warn you," he wrote, "against letting anyone, except your lawyer, know that you mean to make your will before you go abroad. I can't help feeling that it would be dangerous to let such information reach the ears of Henry Hunter. He knows what an influence he has over women, and he would feel sure of Daphne and her fortune if once you were safely out of the way."

Such testimony would not have been of much use, unaided, but it furnished a clue, and when Henry Hunter had hastened to make public the fact of his marriage, and Mrs. Merwin's maid, who had witnessed the will, confessed that she had told Henry Hunter about it, at his earnest solicitation, the detectives had little difficulty in trapping the murderer.

Throughout the dreadful days of the trial Albert Mitchell stood right by Daphne and her grief-stricken parents, proving himself a veritable rock of refuge. When it was all over, and there was nothing more he could do, he quietly left the country.

"The twenty-ninth degree, rising," said the old astrologer, one day, as he laid aside the paper which announced that Henry Hunter had paid the penalty of his crime, "backed up with such other testimonies as I found in that horoscope—well, I'd stake my reputation on my predictions every time!"

Then he took up the two other horoscopes. "Poor little girl!" he said. "Fate was against her, and we did not interfere quick enough. But she is not to suffer all her life as she suffers now. If she and Mitchell are not married within four years, then I'll agree to eat these charts for my Christmas dinner five years from the coming holiday season."

[We intend to print in this magazine during the year a number of mystical and occult stories. Don't fail to read next month's issue; it will contain much of interest to all persons, especially those interested in mysticism and the occult.—EDITOR.]

## He Is 129 Years Old

THE OLDEST BACHELOR IN THE WORLD

ON Monday, April 1, 1901, Noah Raby, of New Brunswick, N. J., reached the remarkable age of 129 years, and if he will carefully read the *MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES* every month there is no telling how long he will hold the body before passing on to the Spirit World.

He has a comfortable home in the New Brunswick Almshouse, where every kind attention is shown him.

The old gentleman is in fairly good health and his mind is perfectly clear.

His father was a full blooded Indian, and Noah was born in Gates Court House, N. C., April 1, 1772.

Possibly his longevity is accounted for by the Indian blood which he inherited from his full blooded redskin father, Andrew Bass. Noah bore the name of his mother, Morning Baby. No Indian traits show either in his physical being or in his happy, even-tempered disposition.

His head is covered with a heavy growth of long white hair, and a heavy wavy beard is still tinged with black near the corners of the mouth.

Raby never varies in the stories he tells covering two centuries. All attempts to trap him fail. He is a model of cheerfulness, and wants to live to fill out his second century. He said recently:

"I'd like to live forever."

"I don't know any rule for living long," he remarked. "It's Providence made me live. You want to be always cheerful and happy. I would live just as long if I'd been married. Marriage doesn't shorten your life."

The first forty years of Raby's long life were spent in North Carolina and Virginia. For a year shortly after the War of 1812 he served as a common sailor on the *Constitution* and *Brandywine*. After that he came to New Jersey, where he has lived ever since. His last vote was cast at Morristown, when he was over one hundred years old.

Raby saw George Washington, but he never saw President McKinley.

His pleasures are visits when someone reads to him "swads of the Bible," he says. His memory is wonderful, his hearing perfect, his voice strong. His only ailments are erysipelas and heartburn.

Raby wakes up when he hears other inmates of the almshouse stirring, then he fixes his "nest," as he will allow no one to make his bed for him. He walks into the dining-room with the assistance of a cane. As he cannot now eat solid food, milk forms a substantial part of his diet.

He goes to bed later than the other inmates, but sleeps fairly well, considering his remarkable age and physical condition.

It is getting to be an easy thing to live to over 100 years nowadays. Read what the Occult Adepts have to say about living long and useful lives in this magazine, every month.

## Love Messages by Telepathy

It is easier to send messages by telepathy—thought transference—than it is by wireless telegraphy. Moreover, it makes no difference how great the distance is.

Can lovers who are far apart commune with each other without written words or any kind of material signs? I often think of the poem—

"Last night we met as others meet,  
Though many a mile apart;  
And greeted as some others greet  
Who are not heart to heart."

In the next number of this magazine will be given a detailed explanation of how such miracles and how the old Biblical miracles are in accordance with already discovered laws of science. It will not only be told how Ananias of Damascus knew at a long distance off that Saul of Tarsus sat blinded in the street called "Straight," but also how, through telepathy, a world of other things unsaid can pass, and how, dear young lady, the other evening at twilight, as you sat alone at the piano and sang to yourself a song of Schubert—

"Your cheek a phantom kiss flushed red,"

Oftentimes telepathic love messages pass between those widely separated.

The writer knows of a case where a dying wife in New York City sent a parting message of love instantaneously to her husband, a gold miner, who was thousands of miles away in the Klondike.

Sailors dying at sea in a shipwreck have been known to send a last message by telepathy to their friends or relatives on shore, thousands of miles away from the wreck.

The study of telepathy is a very interesting one, and we will have much to say on the subject in these columns from month to month.

## Their Hypnotic Glances Touched Her Heart

MRS. A. K. JONES, a wealthy resident of Vineland, N. J., thinks she was hypnotized and swindled recently by two spectacle peddlers.

One morning a dapper-looking man talked Mrs. Jones into buying a pair of "gold rimmed" spectacles for \$25, and in the afternoon another smooth stranger appeared, and after telling her that the "gold rimmed" ones were only brass, succeeded in duping her into purchasing his spectacles at \$15.

Mrs. Jones does not understand how she came to be victimized so easily, unless she fell under a hypnotic spell put upon her by the peddlers.

Both men, she says, shook her hand so queerly and looked into her eyes so strangely, yet pleasantly, that she believed their stories and bought their spectacles before she really knew what she was doing.

By getting interested in psychic science one can soon learn how to be impregnable to hypnotic scoundrels. Always look a stranger straight in the eye, and you can thus ward off any evil intents on his part.

## Thoughts Are Magnets

WHEN we know how to use thoughts we can attract to us anything we desire. A good husband or a good wife can be attracted to one who knows how to concentrate the thought upon the desired object. This magazine is having prepared by one of the greatest adepts and teachers of occult truths in the world, a series of articles, which will begin to appear next month, that will clearly and comprehensively show how we can use the mind to draw to us anything good we may desire. These wonderful articles are sure to be appreciated by our readers, especially those who desire success.

## Mystery of the Stars, the Sun, the Moon and the Planets

THROUGHOUT endless space there are countless stars, suns, moons and planets. How did they happen? Why do they exist? Who what rules them? What is the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of this most wonderful universe?

These are questions we ought to discuss and think about more than we do.

The editors of this magazine and its adept writers know that they did not happen by chance. We know that there is an all-wise, grand and loving Ruler of it all. We are not atheists. We were prompted to write this from the following editorial recently printed about Napoleon in the *New York Journal*:

Napoleon trifled with everything EXCEPT THE FIRST GREAT CAUSE.

On the deck of his ship, on a fine night, there was much irreverent, flippant, materialistic chatter. The Revolution had made stupid atheism fashionable.

But Napoleon was impressed by the calm night, the blue, dark water, and the silent, beautiful stars shining down in cosmic rebuke of the tiny blasphemers below.

He stopped very abruptly the prattle of atheism.

Toward the stars he pointed the short, thick arm, so soon to rule this little planet:

"You may talk as long as you please, gentlemen, but *who made all that?*"

There was no answer, and there was no more atheism that night.

The man who was to build up the Code Napoleon could appreciate the force and necessity of law. His mind realized the feebleness of man, coping even with little problems of earth.

He felt that great laws, and a Great Law Giver, must swing and direct those millions of silent worlds above.

When Napoleon was still a Corsican patriot, the great Paoli said to him:

"Napoleon, you are not a modern: you talk like the heroes of Plutarch."

Earnestness of the old kind was indeed Napoleon's characteristic—as Emperor, planning to rule Asia from the back of an ornamented elephant, or as a poor, half-starved lad, taking off his muddy shoes to enter the presence of the matronly Madame Permon, and listening to her stories of descent from the Emperors of Constantinople.

Napoleon in his hours of work was a DOER, and in his hours of leisure he was a DISCUSSER.

He exercised constantly the two sides of his brain—the practical and speculative.

Do the same, and succeed.

## Tesla, the Wonder Worker, Tells Why He Turned Vegetarian

"I BELIEVE in the eating of vegetables because I believe that a vegetable diet is much more beneficial to the human being than an animal diet," says Nicola Tesla, the magic worker in electricity.

"Vegetables, grains, nuts and fruits are certainly preferable as a food, and that we can perform our work while subsisting on that kind of food is not a theory, but a well-demonstrated fact."

"To free ourselves from animal instincts and appetites, which keep us down, we should begin at the very root from which they spring."

"We should effect a radical reform in the character of food."

"There is no doubt that plant food such as oatmeal is more economical than meat, and superior to it in regard to both mechanical and mental performance."

"A man who eats vegetables is a better man mentally than one who eats meat. Vegetables are more beneficial to the brain than is animal food."

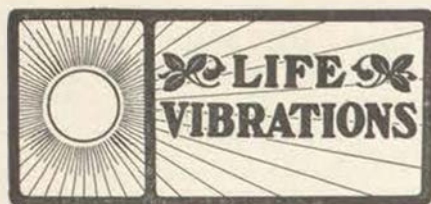
All the great psychic adepts and wonder workers of the Orient, who have such wonderful powers to work miracles, never eat meat or animal foods; they live on fruits, nuts, grains and vegetables.

## About Theosophy

THOUSANDS of the most intelligent and progressive people in all parts of the world are deeply interested in Theosophy. It is a very interesting study and has helped many persons to great occult powers—it is helpful and inspiring. Many of the theosophists are strict vegetarians. They are a very successful and happy people who have splendid health and live to great ages. Theosophy is called the Wisdom religion.

Now, don't you think you would like to receive this magazine every month for one whole year? It will cost you only twenty-five cents for the whole year's subscription if you send your subscription TO-DAY—before June 1, 1901.





Let us all pulsate with Life—real Life, beautiful Life.

High aims, high hopes bring the real Life vibrations.

With the great Emerson let us all pray:

"Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good."

Now—this very moment—is the time to live, to have, to enjoy.

"Time past and time to be are One.  
And both are Now."

—Whittier.

Stop living in the PAST, stop living in the FUTURE, live in the NOW.

Now, is the time to do.

"'Twas only striking from the calendar  
Dead yesterdays and unknown to-morrows."

—Omar Khayyam.

"Life is constant. There is as much Life as there ever was. All Life that now is ever will be."

—Henry Harrison Brown.

Life is boundless and inexhaustible.

PRAY FOR LIFE.

THINK FOR LIFE.

BREATHE FOR LIFE.

EAT FOR LIFE.

SLEEP FOR LIFE.

DIE FOR LIFE—eternal Life.

Life Vibrations come from Love, Joy, Merriment, Duty well performed, Morality, Purity, Virtue, High Aspirations.

Don't say you are weak—say you are strong.

If you say or think you are weak you close the door to the manifestation of Life.

WORRY,  
ANGER,  
HATRED,  
ENVY,  
JEALOUSY,  
MEANNESS—all stop the flow of Life Currents of Life Vibrations.

Go in the Silence and Affirm:

"Life is Infinite, therefore I am Immortal."

"I cannot cease to live, for I am Immortal Life."

"I cannot die; being Life I will forever manifest as Life, in some form."

"There is no Death. The stars go down,  
To rise upon some fairer shore,  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forevermore."

"It is not the absence of Life that makes me sick, weak, blue or poor, but it is because I do not, by my thought, allow Life to manifest."

Weak thoughts weaken us.

"To love one another is the best way of aiding God," and the best way to attract Life Vibrations.

There is plenty of Life for all.

The whole universe is nothing but Life.

If you are not getting an abundance of Life there is something wrong with your Head—your thought generator.

Wake up!  
Cheer up!  
Get Life!

—F. H.

## Become a Person of Mark

This magazine believes in Personal Magnetism.

We desire all of our readers to possess charm of character—attracting qualities.

Personal Magnetism attracts the good and dispels the bad.

Those who possess it are persons of mark.

It can be acquired by developing the psychic or soul side of your nature, and in no other way.

All good and true men and women have personal magnetism to a very marked degree.

You cannot wildly indulge your appetites and passions and have real personal magnetism. The psychic power cannot work in immoral beings.

## Soul Charming

How to become fascinating or charming and attract or win the love of anyone will be fully explained in an article by a great adept psychic scientist in next month's issue of this magazine. It is very important for you, dear reader, to be truly magnetic and charming. Success and happiness in this life depend much on personal magnetism. We attract or repel people by a certain occult law. It is wise to know this law and how to use it. Be sure to carefully read what we print next month on this subject.

## Hale and Hearty at 102

LEARN HOW TO RETAIN YOUR VITAL FORCES

This magazine believes everyone should live a long, healthy, prosperous, busy and happy life. John Tubbert, of Syracuse, N. Y., recently celebrated his 102nd birthday.

As far as known he is the second oldest man in New York State. He is in excellent health, and his mind is as clear as that of a man of 70.

In speaking of his old age and what he attributed his longevity to, Mr. Tubbert says that he was always a man of excellent habits, and this more than anything else, he avers, is what aided in the preservation of his health.

Dr. Gregory Doyle, a well-known physician of Syracuse, says that he believes the old man will retain his vitality for five years at least, and that it is quite probable he will last ten years yet.

A singular feature of Mr. Tubbert's physical condition is that his eyesight is almost as good now as it ever was, and never in his life has he worn glasses. He has two children, "Billy" Tubbert, the well-known sporting man of Syracuse, and Policeman James Tubbert. He has five grandchildren, ranging in age from 1 to 15 years.

## Success and Happiness for You

EVERY human being who aspires to growth, progress, perfect health, long life, prosperity and happiness should regularly read books and periodicals which have an uplifting tendency; that will inject new life and inspire hope.

We should read to be awakened as well as entertained.

What real good is a monthly magazine if it doesn't suggest new thought—if it doesn't wake the reader out of a sluggish, humdrum sort of existence?

One of the most stirring and stimulating studies is that of the mysteries of life—occult science, psychic forces, metaphysics, psychic phenomena, etc.

THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES is a live, wideawake, up-to-date periodical. Its publishers, editors and writers are progressive souls who enthusiastically believe in the doctrine of DOING.

We do things.

We believe in intelligent and honest activity. We hate failure, poverty, disease and drudgery and will strenuously fight these conditions all the time. We are all pre-eminently successful as DOERS. We have great vital forces and ample material wealth which we have acquired by constant use of the MIND, occult forces and HARD, PERSISTENT STUDY and WORK. We know about the Unseen or Hidden Powers and Forces, which can help anyone, and we will print each month truths and suggestive matter that will wake you, and start you to thinking and doing and achieving and accomplishing.

Read our magazine regularly and get into our vibrations, and you will have success and happiness.

## Live It Down

Has your life been bitter sorrow?

Live it down.

Think about a bright to-morrow,

Live it down.

You will find it never pays

Just to sit wet-eyed and gaze

On the grave of vanished days;

Live it down.

Is disgrace your galling burden?

Live it down.

You can win a brave heart's guerdon;

Live it down.

Make your life so free from blame

That the lustre of your fame

Shall hide all the olden shame;

Live it down.

Has your heart a secret trouble?

Live it down.

Useless griefs will make it double,

Live it down.

Do not water it with tears—

Do not feed it with your fears—

Do not nurse it through the years—

Live it down.

Have you made some awful error?

Live it down.

Do not hide your face in terror;

Live it down.

Look the world square in the eyes;

Go ahead as one who tries

To be honored ere he dies;

Live it down.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## "All Men are Brothers," Declares Wu Ting Fang

CHINESE MINISTER TALKS WISELY AT GOLDEN RULE MEETING IN NEW YORK CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH

"THAT grand idea, the Golden Rule, was first enunciated by Confucius."

So declared Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister, who came from Washington to speak for the brotherhood of man in the Calvary Baptist Church at the Golden Rule meeting in the name of the Baron and the Baroness de Hirsch.

Clad in his Chinese robes of wine-colored silk, his queue hanging from beneath his mandarin's cap, on which sparkled the diamond button of his rank; with face marked by high cheekbones and the slanting eyes, which gleamed shrewdly behind large spectacles, he sat surrounded by Hebrew rabbis and Christian ministers, serene in knowing that the Golden Rule they were to extol was first uttered by Confucius.

With the subtle mind of the Oriental, aided by the scholarship of a Western education, he sat impassively marshaling the follies of Oriental civilization in his mind and strengthening the innate pride of the high caste Chinaman, until it came his time to be introduced.

The great audience applauded him loudly as he rustled forward. But soon they grew quiet, then restless, as with smooth contempt he contrasted the protestations of Western civilization for the equality of man with the events in their history.

IGNORANCE CAUSE OF INTOLERANCE

"Ignorance is the cause of racial prejudice and religious intolerance," declared Wu Ting Fang. "We are all apt to be prejudiced against things with which we are unacquainted. For instance, all of us hate snakes. But the naturalist learns them. He learns their habits and becomes acquainted with them, so that he can handle even the most venomous. Now, if he can overcome his prejudice against snakes by education, how much more ought we to be able to overcome our prejudice against races and religions."

He dwelt with subtle scorn upon the driving forth of the skilled Huguenots from Christian France, and the expulsion of the industrious Moors from Spain. He recalled how Catholic Spain had harrowed the thrifty farms of Protestant Holland. He pointed out the intolerance of a religious Europe for the devout Jews, and declared that the Crusaders had inflicted untold suffering upon Christian and Mohammedan alike in the name of Him who repeated in His life and words the Golden Rule which the prophet of the Mongolians had uttered centuries before.

NO RELIGIOUS WARS IN CHINA

"It is remarkable," he said, "how little discrimination on account of race or religion there has been among Oriental peoples. I cannot recall a single war between China and any of her neighbors waged for the propagation of any religion or the enslavement of any nation."

During the 4,000 years of China's history she has relied upon growing from within, and not by encroachments on the rights of others. As Confucius told us long ago, all men within the four seas are brothers."

## Knowledge a Great Power

Look about and see who succeed. It is the knowing ones.

Knowledge is power and force and everything that makes for good and happiness.

The great Channing said: "Every mind was made for growth—for knowledge; and its nature is sinned against when it is doomed to ignorance. Progress consists in nothing more than in bringing out the individual, in giving him a consciousness of his own being, and in quickening him to strengthen and elevate his own mind."

To get real power and force we must improve the mind in every possible way. The reading of a monthly paper like this is helpful to the mind.

## Character Building

"A MAN need not be a great scholar to think what is beautiful and true." That is the reason that now and then we find among the uneducated, lovely characters; their minds are clean and pure, and they think of only the true and the beautiful. You can build your character a true and beautiful one by thinking about what is beautiful and true.

It is worth knowing every minute of the day and every waking hour of the night that there is nothing so paralyzing to health and success as fear. Wish for good things and expect them. There is nothing that can prevent the good resulting from those two great forces, desire and expectation.





## AN ASTRO- LOGICAL VIEW OF WEALTH

### The Mighty Good of Wealth

LABOR'S WARS ARE SOON TO END

YOGIANANDA, the Blissful Prophet and eminent Hindu Yogi Astrologer, says that now that this world is entering upon the New Great Cycle we are to witness all kinds of great and wonderful events.

Poverty and drudgery are to be abolished. The New Light is rapidly enveloping this planet. Vibratory forces from the far-away suns—stars—planets are working great and lasting changes for this planet.

Peace, eternal peace, will come on earth, as it is in heaven. The Devas are now at work with their psychic power on the very rich, and the wealthy will use their vast fortunes to make life easier, brighter and happier to the toiling masses.

Already they are giving away with a lavish hand millions of dollars. The Great and Eternal Spirit of the All-Father and All-Mother is pervading the very rich.

The quarrel between labor and wealth will soon end. From an astrological view-point wealth for all from now on is to increase at a tremendous rate.

But wealth will not come to grumblers, whiners, anarchists and complainers; it will come to the good, the honest, the true, the patient, energetic workers.

Large capital is now necessary, and it is here, and will remain, and all are to get the fruits of it.

Great fortunes exist and more are accumulating, and the future, according to the stars, will be bright, very bright, for all.

The preachers of Divine Truths are realizing the importance of great wealth. The Rev. Madison C. Peters, New York City's prophetic divine, recently said: It is large capital that has made possible our railroad, steamship and telegraph systems, established our manufactories and opened our mines; that has built up and sustains some of the most important institutions of learning and charities covering every conceivable case of need.

The desire for property, with a view to its right and legitimate use, is not only not covetous, but it is lawful and right. If there were no desire for wealth there would be no need of it. It would soon cease to exist at all, and society would go back to a state of actual barbarism. What would labor amount to without capital behind it?

Covetousness is the desire of having money simply for the sake of having it, making the acquirement of wealth the absorbing ambition of life. Christ cautions us that "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth." Collateral cannot take the place of character.

Mr. Carnegie, by his benevolence, has clipped the wings of riches so that they do not fly away, while at the same time he has sweetened the breath of society and deprived the agitator of his stock in trade when he infuriates the mob to deeds of violence and confiscation.

When the rich men of America and all other lands shall stretch out to the struggling masses of humanity the kindness of Mr. Carnegie they will do what shot and shell cannot do, what severe laws severely executed cannot do, what armies with bayonets cannot do—end the age of dynamite.

The poor are daily less envious of the rich and the rich are more generous to the poor.

Good and glorious times are near at hand. There's a plenty for all. Read this magazine every month and learn the power of honest getting, of honest keeping and of honest giving.

### Many Million Dollar Mansions

In no city of the world are there so many million dollar mansions as in New York City. In these prosperous days a number of new palatial residences are being erected. This gives a great amount of work to a large army of skilled workmen, and a great many millions of dollars are thus set in circulation, which eventually benefits all hands. Moreover, these magnificent mansions beautify the city. The more money the millionaires spend the better it is for the workingmen of the country. Wise wage-earners never complain of the expenditures of the rich.

### The Power of Will

WE can be what we will to be!  
I will not fail!  
I will succeed!  
I will be happy!  
I will be healthy and strong!  
I will live a long, happy and useful life!  
The best joy of existence lies in using intelligently the will power.  
Failure is always sad!  
I will have none of it!  
We can all do more than we think we can.  
The truest saying ever uttered is that "Where there's a will there's a way."

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the man who thinks nothing of giving away five million dollars in a day, started a poor boy, and by sheer will, determination and honesty not only became one of the richest men in the world, but also one of the kindest-hearted philanthropists. Mr. Carnegie recently said to a reporter that it was his strong desire or will, persistently and firmly held in one direction, that made him succeed.

Read these verses by Ella Wheeler Wilcox about the will, and take on new courage.

#### WILL

You will be what you will to be;  
Let failure find its false content  
In that poor word "environment,"  
But spirit scorns it, and is free.

It masters time, it conquers space,  
It cowers that boastful trickster Chance,  
And bids the tyrant Circumstance  
Uncrown and fill a servant's place.

The human Will, that force unseen,  
The offspring of a deathless Soul,  
Can hew the way to any goal,  
Though walls of granite intervene.

Be not impatient in delay,  
But wait as one who understands;  
When spirit rises and commands,  
The gods are ready to obey.

The river, seeking for the sea,  
Confronts the dam and precipice,  
Yet knows it cannot fail or miss;  
You will be what you will to be!

### Gold Flowing to the United States

PLENTY OF MONEY FOR ALL

ALL the adepts and prophets say that from now on this country is to be very prosperous. We are sending manufactures and food-stuffs in great quantities to all parts of the world, and money is coming to this country in a great and constant golden stream. In the one item of agricultural exports we have made wonderful progress, \$800,000,000 worth of farm products are sent abroad yearly, and exportation is rapidly increasing.

Report No. 67 of the Department of Agriculture, just issued, presents in a very striking form the great leaps and bounds by which American exports of agricultural products have increased in the last forty years, and especially the last ten years.

Plenty of money for all is coming to this grand and glorious country. This is the greatest country in the world.

### Brains Count These Days

SMALL capitalists with brains find that in the new order of business organization and big combinations they have a far better chance than they ever had before. Their small capital cannot compete with the big capital. Money is cheap nowadays, but there never was a time when brains and ability commanded a better price at the hands of capital than now.

The big combinations are employing these men at bigger salaries than they could earn in business for themselves; the salaries are sure and permanent and they are relieved of much care and anxiety and have a great deal more leisure time for pleasure and the cultivation of their minds.

### Love, Marriage, Good Luck

A HAPPY love marriage the fruits of which are joyful children brings great luck, because the divine command has ever been to marry and increase and multiply. High and pure love with marriage develops the mind and body and is bliss to the souls thus blended. The mating of man and woman should be done with a high and divine purpose—for love and procreation. A marriage alliance made in any other way is a dire failure, and brings on misfortune, grief and sorrow.

### Three Remarkable Old Men

LIVING at Richmond, Ill., are three clever old men. David Burson, an octogenarian resident there, has just begun to take a course in trigonometry. Valentine Mark recently celebrated his one hundred and eighth birthday, and John Reid is one hundred and two years.

### Expect Success

From Success

FEAR of failure or lack of confidence in one's ability is one of the most potent causes of failure. The youth who expects to get on in the world must make up his mind that, come what may, he will succeed. He must have a firm conviction that he was made for success, that success is his birthright, a right of which he cannot be deprived by any combination of adverse circumstances. Every youth should hold in his mind the thought that success is as much his right as the acorn has the right to become an oak, or the rose-bud to become a rose.

Failure, like disease, is abnormal. Nothing is more depressing than holding for years the thought of defeat, or that you are unlucky and are not intended for success as others are.

That success is the normal condition is shown by the fact that it is a great health tonic. People who have been in delicate health for years, upon suddenly or unexpectedly achieving some signal success, immediately improve in health. The mind reacts upon the body, and there is a rebound from the old depressed condition, to the vital, the normal, the healthy. Holding a success-thought brightens your outlook and scatters your spectres of doubt and fear, and sends an electric current of hope and power through you that will revolutionize your possibilities and transform you into a new being.

The greatest artist in the world could not paint the face of a Madonna with the image of depravity constantly held in his mind. You cannot expect to be loved if you surround yourself with an atmosphere of hatred, envy, and jealousy, and for the same reason you cannot succeed if you surround yourself with an atmosphere of doubt.

If teachers and parents could only realize the infinite possibilities they can bring within the reach of the child, by impressing him at the outset with faith in himself, in his power to succeed, it would revolutionize our civilization. If you are a teacher, try to impress success-thoughts upon your pupil. Teach him that he is a success-acorn, and that the Creator intended him to unfold into an oak—not a crabbed or dwarfed oak, but a magnificent giant of the forest that will furnish shade for man and beast, and timber for a ship or a house. Impress upon the child your faith in him; tell him that you expect great things of him in the future, and charge him not to disappoint you.

A few encouraging words as to the writer's possible success, from his teacher in the academy, have never ceased to have an uplifting and inspiring influence upon his life. Goldsmith owed much of his success to his teacher; for, when everyone else had despaired of his amounting to anything, when on all sides he was spoken of as a "dunce," the teacher still encouraged him by word and action. Through his teacher's faith in him he became one of the world's celebrated poets. Thousands of men in this country owe their success almost wholly to the inspiration which came from the confidence of parent or teacher or friend in their ability; and, when discouragements crowded upon them, and they were almost ready to give up, the thought of the disappointment of those who believed in them and had faith in their success spurred them on to renewed efforts.

We little realize how we can assist our friends by constantly encouraging and suggesting healthy thoughts to them, believing in them, and inspiring them at every opportunity.

The greatest help does not come from money or other material aid. A warm grasp of the hand, a cheering word or thought, an expression of sympathy and encouragement will not only help our friends, but will react upon ourselves. The giver is often helped more than the receiver.

### The Power of One Dollar

It can surely start you on the path to perfect health, to great prosperity and to eternal happiness.

How?  
By subscribing for this magazine for one year and absorbing the grand occult truths it will print.

Send your subscription with one dollar today.

### Gladstone's Motto

THE great Gladstone started each day with God and ended it with God. Every day he saw the following motto in big plain letters over his mantelpiece in his bedroom:

"THOU WILT KEEP HIM IN PERFECT PEACE WHOSE MIND IS SET ON THEE."





## Ideal Thoughts

### The Soul's Bliss

IN sweetening the life of another,  
In relieving a brother's distress,  
The soul finds its highest advancement  
And the noblest blessedness.

—Edward P. Sheldon.

### The Twentieth Century Cry

DUTY points with outstretched fingers  
Everyone to action high.  
Woe betide the soul that lingers;  
"Onward, onward!" is the cry.

### The Angels

THE angels have heat according to the  
quality of their love, and light according to  
the quality of their wisdom.—Swedenborg.

### A Meditation

THINK of God who has produced this uni-  
verse; may He enlighten our minds.  
Thou art our Father, and will take us to the  
other shore of this ocean of ignorance.

### Sight-Seeing at Home

HE who wanders widest  
Lifts no more of Nature's jealous veil  
Than he who from his doorway sees  
The mysteries of flowers and trees.

—Whittier.

### The Health Habit

LET us think health and get into the habit  
of taking lots of sunshine, lots of fresh air and  
lots of pure fresh water—internally and exter-  
nally.

That's the way to be joyous and healthy.

### Cruelty and Psychic Power

WITH psychic power man can accomplish  
almost anything. No one can have this mighty  
power who is cruel to any living being,  
whether it be human or animal in form.  
The psychic power comes to him who is  
kind and gentle and merciful, especially to  
animals. Love, intense love, for all of God's  
creatures is the underlying principle for  
tremendous psychic force.

### Truth is Powerful

ONLY a weak and cowardly mind is afraid  
to investigate truths at any and all times.  
Weak, timid and negative minds make color-  
less men and women; they are afraid of the  
truth. Strengthen the mind with truth, and  
become powerful. Avoid anything that proves  
false, after a most thorough and searching  
investigation. Ignorance and falsehood are  
twins. Think, reason, observe and investi-  
gate without fear. Don't say a thing is not  
so because you are totally ignorant on the  
subject, nor cannot understand or compre-  
hend it.

### Why We Long to Fly

IT IS THE SOUL'S DESIRE TO BE FREED

A CORRESPONDENT writes:

It is not suicidal mania that impels men to  
leap to death from lofty heights. It is that  
the ethereal soul essence that animates the  
body, itself a part of the mighty animating  
force of nature, grown weary of the restric-  
tions of its earthly integument, and longing  
to sweep through the infinite universe, a free,  
disembodied spirit which would be part of  
the immensity, when it is brought into con-  
tact with the wider prospect visible from its  
elevation, gathers its strength to break the  
"silver cord" that holds it fast.

Sometimes in that first great effort it suc-  
ceeds, and the empty shell falls, broken and  
useless. Oftenest it remembers that its ap-  
pointed work is not yet finished, and draws  
back, trembling at its temerity.

### Who Perform Miracles?

ALL the miracles of the world have been  
performed by those who in a great measure  
felt the reality of their inward being, or  
spiritual force. The Miracle Worker realizes  
that he is an eternal soul, at one with the  
Universal Soul.

### Blessing of a Poor Mother Charms Doctor's Life

MASCOT SURGEON OF BELLEVUE HAS FORTUNE'S  
FAVOR—ATTRIBUTES IT TO A PATIENT'S "GOD  
BLESS YOU!"

STUDENTS of Occultism and Mysticism fully  
realize the importance of all persons having  
the good will of others rather than their ill  
will.

Therefore, the divine command that we love  
each other has a fuller and wider meaning to  
adepts than most people suppose. The fol-  
lowing instance of good luck attending a  
young doctor here in New York, as reported  
in the daily newspapers, is pregnant with  
occult truths. Read it and think it over:

"The Mascot Doctor of Bellevue Hospital,"  
who, his friends say, has recently had mar-  
velous luck for an ambulance surgeon, has  
had another stroke of good fortune.

All the lucky things that come his way the  
doctor attributes to a blessing bestowed upon  
him by a woman patient at No. 280 East Tenth  
street, who brought two healthy boys into  
the world with his assistance two months ago.

"God bless you, young man!" fervently  
said the patient, who was in poor circum-  
stances. "You'll have nothing but luck from  
now on," and she was right.

Dr. James S. Donnelly is the "mascot doc-  
tor." He was attached to the third surgical  
staff and he had been taking the regular six  
months' course of ambulance work.

Usually a doctor who does this, it is said,  
has nothing but trouble. Mr. Donnelly, how-  
ever, has found ambulance life one grand,  
sweet song.

His first pleasant experience was at the  
Hotel Jefferson fire. He went there and fitted  
up a surgery-room in an apartment near the  
hotel.

Here he attended Charles J. Walsh, an  
elderly and rich guest who had been slightly  
hurt in the fire.

Mr. Walsh took his name and address. Two  
days later the doctor received a letter from  
his patient which asked him to call. He  
called, and as a result Dr. Donnelly went  
with Mr. Walsh on a trip to Palm Beach,  
Fla., in a private car as his physician.

He stayed many weeks among the orange  
groves and returned to Bellevue with a large  
cheque and, it is alleged by his friends, a mar-  
riage engagement with the daughter of a  
Western railroad millionaire.

Dr. Donnelly's luck was still with him on  
Sunday when Mr. John Cochran called up  
the hospital on the telephone and said: "I  
want to retain the services of a competent  
physician, and money is no object."

Of the four doctors on duty then, one was  
in the morgue and two others were in the  
alcoholic ward. Dr. Donnelly was standing  
three feet from the telephone, whistling, and  
he got the job.

This is the job. When the steamship  
Catania, of the Tweedie Trading Company,  
sailed for the United States of Colombia, with  
thirty engineers, railroad presidents and capi-  
talists, she carried the complete equipment  
for building a railroad.

There were locomotives, sidings, rails,  
switches and stations on board, all ready to  
put together. The physician who was to go  
with them fell ill, and the expedition had to  
"scare up" another in a hurry by telephone,  
telegraph or any other rapid method.

Dr. Donnelly gets \$75 a week and all his  
expenses—all through luck.

"It breaks the ambulance records," said  
Dr. I. N. Polk, of Bellevue Hospital. "When  
I ran an ambulance I was clubbed by a police-  
man, mobbed in First Avenue and hurt in a  
smash-up. My luck consisted in surviving.  
But Donnelly has had a very different experi-  
ence, and he ought to be canonized or some-  
thing."

Can any of our readers tell of a similar case  
of good luck coming after a good act? We  
are always pleased to print anything of this  
character.

### Fear of Death

IGNORANCE is at the bottom of all fear.  
When a man has true knowledge of birth,  
life and the transition called death he is a  
strong and fearless being. A wise and know-  
ing soul has no fear of death, because such a  
soul is fully conscious that it is ETERNAL—  
without beginning or end.—Yogi-ananda.

### Reincarnation

THE Hindu Yogi adepts for thousands of  
years have believed that the soul reincarnates  
countless times and have taught the doc-  
trine of reincarnation. In England and  
America thousands of the most intellectual  
and spiritual people are firm believers in re-  
incarnation. Many Jews and Christians are  
beginning to believe in reincarnation.—Yogi-  
ananda.

### Cancer Cured by Prayer

MIRACLE REPORTED FROM ST. JOSEPH'S CON-  
VENT, ST. LOUIS

A RECENT despatch to the papers from St.  
Louis says:

Sister Laura Kuhn, of St. Joseph's Con-  
vent, has apparently been cured of a cancer,  
after eighteen years of suffering, at a time  
when she was apparently at the point of  
death. The seeming miracle, which it is as-  
serted was performed, occurred on St.  
Joseph's day, March 18, the feast of the saint  
after whom the order was named.

It came at the end of nine days of prayer  
for the recovery of the nun, participated in  
by all the sisters of the convent. She felt no  
relief until the ninth day, when she awoke  
from sleep with the exclamation: "I feel no  
pain." The bandages which covered the can-  
cer were removed and there remained only a  
white scar. Since then Sister Kuhn has been  
doing her routine duties and does not suffer  
from the cancer.

### The Darkey's Idea

SOME folks say dat dancin's sinful, an' de  
blessed Lawd, dey say,  
Gwine to punish us for steppin' when we  
hyeah de music play.  
But I tell you, I don' believe it, fur de Lawd  
is wise an' good,  
An' He made de banjo's metal, an' He made  
de fiddle's wood.  
An' He made de music in dem, so I don'  
quite think He'll keer  
If our feet keep time a little to the melodies  
we hear.

### Christian Science Close to Throne

SPREADS AMONG THE ARISTOCRACY

THE New York Herald says:  
Christian Science, like the ma-  
jority of American importa-  
tions, is winning its way in  
Great Britain in the face of  
fierce local hostility. Its ad-  
herents number lords and la-  
dies, and a multitude of com-  
moners, including several  
dignitaries close to the throne.

The Earl of Dunmore and  
the Earl of Tankerville are  
aristocratic pillars of the Eddy

church. Mrs. Henry Montague Butler, wife of  
the master of Trinity College, Cambridge, is  
another distinguished patron. She and Mrs.  
Charles Smith, the wife of the headmaster of  
the Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, are  
waging an active propaganda among the cul-  
tured population of the university. Mrs. Ed-  
dy's English believers entertain mild hopes of  
interesting royalty in Christian Science.  
They assert that Queen Victoria was a  
regular reader of "Science and Health," and  
that one of her maids in waiting was a Sci-  
entist. One of the maids in waiting to the  
present Queen is also a recruit.

Mr. Miller, a prominent adherent of the  
new faith in London, said: "Practicing  
healers are at work all over the United King-  
dom, and their success in a number of notable  
instances has done much to stop the howl  
which large sections of the press and public  
are ever ready to indulge in. Under instruc-  
tions from Mrs. Eddy, one of her loyal  
students came to London in 1890 to reveal  
her discovery. This student remained here  
about a year, effecting some excellent heal-  
ing."

In 1894 meetings began to be held regular-  
ly in private residences, and in 1896 they were  
transferred to a public hall. Owing to grow-  
ing requirements of the work, the church we  
now occupy in Bryanston street, near Marble  
Arch, was leased, and within ten months our  
progress warranted the purchase of the  
building, which, together with improvements  
since made, represents an investment of  
\$30,000, all of which has been paid. We are  
looking for still larger quarters. We are  
conscious of the great popular interest in our  
cause, because, while our active London  
membership does not exceed three hundred,  
our congregations frequently are five times  
that number. In the year 1900 Christian  
Science literature circulated represented a  
sale of £1,500 (\$7,500).

THE experience of failure is one that comes  
in a greater or less degree to everyone at  
times, trying the metal and probing the char-  
acter as no prosperity can do.—Victor Hugo.

To live in the presence of great truths and  
eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals  
—that is what keeps a man patient when the  
world ignores him, and calm and unspoiled  
when the world praises him.—Balsac.



## HAS THE WHITE LADY APPEARED IN BERLIN?

**H**AS the "White Lady"—the mysterious, fateful ghost that foretells disaster to the house of Hohenzollern—appeared once more in the long halls of the imperial palace in Berlin?

If so, what is the portent?

These are questions that profoundly move the people of Berlin, few of whom will even pretend to doubt the old legend that connects the "White Lady" with the Hohenzollern disasters of centuries past.

There are nods, winks, mutterings, significant looks, eloquent silences when the apparition is mentioned.

"She has walked, poor lady? Ah! I say nothing—nothing—you understand! And yet—what hearest thou of the Empress Frederick to-day?"

The Empress Frederick! the dowager lady of the dead Unser Fritz! the English mother of the German Emperor!

Is it she whom the "White Lady" menaces? Does the ghost mean that Victoria's eldest daughter, the mother of the German Emperor, must follow so soon to the grave the Queen of Great Britain?

There are, at all events, reports from Berlin of the alarming illness of the Dowager Empress, whose condition causes doubt that she will long survive her mother, Queen Victoria.

So ill was the royal lady that she was unable to attend the deathbed and the funeral of the English Queen, and telegrams from Germany seem to point to her serious condition since.

The members of the royal family are said to have themselves too much faith in the authority of the "White Lady's" messages to be quite comfortable after her reported appearance.

And who is—or who was—the "White Lady?"

All sorts of stories are told of her, one of the latest and most curious coming from Dr. Theodore Hansman, of Washington, D. C.

Dr. Hansman is famous as the taker of so-called "spirit photographs." He avers that the "White Lady" appeared to him and stood for a picture taken by him, which is probably the only one of the kind in the world.

Dr. Hansman says the "White Lady" told him she was the sweetheart of a noble by whom she had several children, though his real wife was living. At the death of the wife, the woman, angered that the margrave would not marry her, killed her children, thinking they stood in her way. She was buried alive, in the pleasing manner of those days, and swore to haunt the deathbeds of all generations of Hohenzollerns—an oath she is believed by many to have kept.

The royal house of Prussia dates from the tenth century, when a baron of Wurtemberg fortified "High Zollern," a hill from which comes the Hohenzollern name.

From Conrad of that ilk has descended the long line of Electors of Brandenburg, of one of whom the more usual legend of the "White Lady" is related. It runs as follows:

It was Joachim I. who, wishing to enlarge his castle, found himself blocked by the tiny hut of a widow which stood just where one of the walls of his keep was planned to rise. So he gave orders to tear down the cottage.

The widow did not believe that the injustice was done by Joachim's order, so she went to throw herself at his feet to ask justice.

But when he saw her he directed that she be thrown out by his guards, and this was done with unnecessary brutality.

Then the widow turned upon the Elector.

"Prince Joachim," she said, "you have taken all that I possess, and now you refuse me justice and order your people to drive me away."

"But, remember! You must die as other men, and in thy last hour thou shalt see me again to announce thy fate, and not thine only but that of all thy successors to the remotest posterity!"

And the story goes that she has done it. The great Elector William saw the ghost. His son Frederick, first King of Prussia, saw the "White Lady" in very truth, though in his case it was his young wife—his third—wandering about the palace in her night robes two days before her death.

His successor, Frederick William, the eccentric father of Frederick the Great, declared that he saw the "White Lady" one night. He summoned his chamberlain, ordered his coffin made and placed near his bed to see if it would hold him properly. Of course the stern old tyrant was already dying.

There are many famous cases where the "White Lady" is said to have portended misfortune. On the night before Saalfeld Prince Louis of Prussia and his adjutant, Count Nostitz, were chatting in the Schloss Schwarzbürg-Rudolfstadt when a white robed figure glided before them.

The Prince turned pale. He had been confidently talking of victory, but after that he despaired.

Neither he nor Nostitz was surprised when next day the "White Lady" again appeared just as the Germans fell back defeated.

Nostitz's own son told this story to "Unser Fritz," father of the present Emperor. Curiously enough, Unser Fritz's death also was foretold by the spectre.

When the French officers of Napoleon were quartered in the castle at Baireuth the "White Lady" appeared to them, and General Espagne cried out that he was doomed. Shortly afterward he died.

Napoleon, who had all a Corsican's superstition, wouldn't sleep in the castle. Later, when he was to build in Paris a splendid palace for the King of Rome, a poor man's house stood in the way.

Napoleon did not demolish it, like Count Joachim, or even apply to it the right of eminent domain, but bought it—though the owner raised his price several times and in the end got about ten times its value.

He then expected to found, through the Eaglet, a dynasty of long renown, and he didn't want his successors pestered by ghosts.

## A Dying Mother's Prayer Calls Home Her Lost Son

SHE ALONE BELIEVES THAT HER BODY IS LIVING AND HER SUMMONS, WAITED TO HIS EARS, BRINGS HIM BACK IN TIME

**W**HEN Mrs. Elizabeth Mueller, of Belleville, Ill., was on her deathbed, a few days ago, she murmured a prayer for her son who had left home and had been lost to her for eighteen years. That prayer was waited to the Soldiers' Home in Dayton, Ohio, and Paul Mueller heard it.

Back to the old home went the son. When he entered the sick chamber he saw the family gathered about the bedside. He heard his mother's voice calling his name. Then he realized that it was his mother's wish which had summoned him by some mysterious force over three States, and compelled him to obey the call. She died pressing his hand in hers, with his name on her lips, and smiling.

It was thought by the Mueller family, all except the mother, that the son Paul was dead. No word had come from him for ten years. Efforts to locate him were fruitless, and the father died believing him dead.

But the mother was not convinced. She said that something told her that her boy was still alive. In her last illness, which began two weeks ago, the longing to be with her missing son grew and grew.

She would call "Paul, Paul," in her delirium.

The son had buffeted about the world, finally drifting into the Old Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio.

On the evening that his mother was stricken he could not sleep. It seemed to him that he could hear her voice calling to him to come home. He asked himself if it could be possible that the old folks were still alive.

No sleep the next night nor the next, and that voice—his mother's—constantly in his ear. The family had almost passed out of his mind. He could not understand why he was haunted with such a citation as his mother's voice, which had become only a dimmed memory, but which had suddenly awakened into a keen remembrance of the familiar tones.

He became convinced that something was wrong at Belleville. There was a terrible dread at his heart. He resolved to go. His room-mate told him it was only fancy; that he had better write; that he was probably getting insomnia.

But Mueller knew that he ought to go. Obtaining a permit from the Institution he set forth for Belleville, arriving there just in time to receive his mother's blessing before she passed out and on to the brighter world.

The power of prayer when uttered sincerely and earnestly is tremendous.

## Ghosts and Visions Seen in a Mansion

A WOMAN'S SPIRIT APPEARS

**N**EVER in the history of the world has there been witnessed so much psychic phenomena as is being seen every day at the present time. One can scarcely pick up a newspaper without finding in it a well-authenticated account of a startling vision appearing in some part of the country.

The most recent account of a ghost having been seen comes from Arlington, N. J., a suburban town of New York City. A woman's spirit appeared there in a mansion three days after the sensational shooting affray where Pastor Keller was recently shot by Thomas G. Barker. This is the ghost story, condensed from the stories as given by the New York daily papers:

Mrs. "The" Allen, wife of the well-known New York sporting man, owns a "haunted" mansion in Arlington, N. J., and she wants to get rid of it at any reasonable price.

Until recently the startling facts in the case were known but to a few; now they are being discussed widely and with eager interest. The fact that the mansion is opposite that of the Rev. John Keller, and that the most vivid of the supernatural manifestations occurred just after the minister was shot by Thomas G. Barker, invest the ghost stories with special significance and mystery.

These stories tell of strange midnight disturbances, unearthly noises, weird illuminations, the sound of footsteps coming from empty space, and finally an apparition.

The appearance of the house enhances the uncanny interest in it which the reports have aroused. It is a large, rambling structure, with rooms opening on each side of the central hallway dividing the lower floors. The mansion used to be surrounded by pine trees that almost hid it, enveloping it, even at midday, in gloom, but in order to give it a more cheerful aspect it was explained at the time, these trees and a hedge were cut down last year. Now the gossips declare that this was done in the belief that the darksome trees and hedges might be the abode of the spirits that at night invaded the house.

G. L. Wiley, president of the Underground Cable Construction Company, with an office at No. 41 Nassau street, New York, lived in the house with his family for many years, and when he gave up his lease without a reason many residents were curious to know why he did so. It was soon afterward that the pine trees and hedge were removed.

After it had been two months unoccupied, Jonas Benjamin, a New York lawyer, took the premises. Three nights after the Rev. Mr. Keller was shot by Barker on the opposite corner, Harry Smith, a nephew of Mr. Benjamin and a student in Columbia Law School, who lived in the house, was roused from a sound sleep by a strange feeling of cold, which seemed to affect his nerves.

He remained awake, and while denouncing himself for being afraid, he saw a light that suddenly filled the room take form and gradually shape itself into the glowing bust of a young and handsome woman.

He gazed in wonder at the sight, but when he started to speak the ghostly vision faded instantly away.

Sounds of footsteps and of moaning have been heard, but no other materializations have taken place.

## Brotherhood

By Edwin Markham

**T**HE Economics of Brotherhood" was the theme of an address by Edwin Markham, the poet, before the Conference on Missions at the Amity Baptist Church, in West Fifty-fourth street, New York, recently. The largest audience of the session attended.

"The incarnation is to be accomplished by infusing the divine idea into real life," said Mr. Markham. "The material is to be spiritualized and the spiritual to be materialized."

"Competition has been said to be the fundamental and necessary law of life. This is not so. Brotherhood is the law of the universe. Brotherhood has been a sentiment."

"The great problem of the future is to lift it out of sentiment and make it reality."

"The great need of the future is to find an economical basis upon which universal brotherhood can be established as the grand, the self-sufficient law of the world."

[Mr. Markham is known in the Grand Circle of Mystic Adepts, and they are working and co-operating with him in a Mystic Way.—EDITOR.]





Free Astrological Delineations to the  
Subscribers of THE NEW YORK  
MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

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Conducted by Prof. Yogiananda



END for a free Astrological delineation.

It will give me much pleasure to send to every subscriber of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES a free astrological delineation, or reading of the stars. If you are a paid subscriber to this paper all that it is necessary for you to do to get this free delineation will be to write me a letter giving your full name and the month, date and year you were born. Write your questions and give me date, month and year of your birth. No names will be printed, but only the initials of your name as given below.

The influence of the stars and planets upon human life is very great. You probably know of the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac, which you have often seen printed in almanacs. The Sun passes successively through each of these Twelve Signs during a year. People are largely characterized by the influence of the Sign the Sun was in at the time of birth. Apart from mere family traits, so noticeable in some cases, how diversified in character and disposition do we usually find members of the same family!

Everyone can have success in business, love, speculation, etc., if they go about it right. I make astrological delineations by the ancient Hindu Yogic system of India, which is conceded by everyone to be the best. Here are brief answers to a few who have recently written to me, giving their name, date, month and year they were born:

EMMA D., born Feb. 20, 1889.—You were born under the sign of Pisces. The planetary conditions at your birth make you naturally a very thoughtful, industrious, sensible and persevering person. You will have excellent health all your life and will live to a very old age. Being born near the commencement of the new Grand Cycle, which began Jan. 1, 1901, you will be very fortunate. All persons born within the past twenty years are more fortunate, as a rule, than those born earlier in the nineteenth century.

JOHNSON, B., born Jan. 3, 1857.—You were born in the sign of Capricorn and are naturally high minded and self-confident. The month of July, 1901, will be very lucky for you, and you will then commence a career of unparalleled success. You will not be in danger of sickness, accidents or bad luck for many years. In your fifty-third year you are liable to have a slight throat affection, which you can prevent by being very careful of your general health a few months previous to that time. The solar vibrations are very strong for you.

GRACE C., born Aug. 18, 1885.—You were born under the sign of Leo. In India, the Yogi Astrologers would say you bear a charmed life. You will be very charming and magnetic and will attract to yourself fortune, a handsome, cultured and refined husband. Both of you will live to a great age and will be very happy. Many brilliant men and women are born in your sign.

G. C., born June 13, 1857.—You were born under the sign of Gemini and will become a person of mark. You are a handsome and elegant person with commanding and dignified ways. The planetary and solar conditions at your birth were the very best, and you will achieve fame and fortune and live to an extreme age. You are now well in your seventh cycle (a cycle of a birth is seven years), and the first of January, 1901, being the beginning of this planet's fourth Great Cycle (a cycle of the planet is billions and billions of years), you

will have the most fortunate and happy life that you could desire. Powerful psychic and spiritual forces surround you and surge through you all the time. Yours is the most fortunate horoscope I have looked into for a number of years, and I will write you a personal letter, as there are some things it would not be wise for me to print here. I often write personal letters to the subscribers of this magazine, where I see something in their horoscope which requires particular details.

AUGUSTA, born Sept. 3, 1870.—You were born under the sign of Virgo. There is great danger ahead for you if you do not control your anger and terrible temper. Don't get married until after Jan. 1, 1902. You will suffer much from poverty until your forty-third year. Then the chances are you will become very wise, prudent and careful, and amass a very large fortune. You must be very, very careful to live a quiet, temperate life and to not get angry and excited. The planetary conditions in your case are very good and at times very bad. I will write you a personal letter about certain matters which I desire you to be careful about.

VIRGINIA, born Sept. 5, 1870.—You were born in Libra, and are very modest and retiring. The planets at your birth indicate that you have extraordinary psychic powers and you would make a wonderful medium or spiritual healer. You ought to give much time to spiritualizing your very fine nature. Strong spirituality will give anyone power to do things. Music can do much for you.

SARAH, born Dec. 1, 1880.—You were born in Sagittarius and are a very earnest, sincere, frank and honest person. Your love affairs will turn out all right and you will have a happy marriage in less than two years. You will have a large amount of money in a few years, and will live a long and happy life. You are continually surrounded by many helpful Devas (angels).

EDDIE, born July 5, 1880.—You were born under the sign of Cancer and have a strong sympathetic and emotional love nature. Your realm is the business world, and you will be a great success as a business man; you are not fitted for a profession nor a trade. Your stars say your forte is commercial business. Your health will be good and you will live about eighty-seven years, possibly longer. The study of metaphysics during your leisure hours will help you in your business enterprises. The Yogis say to everyone, no matter what their calling is, to study occult and psychic science; to read carefully and regularly inspiring magazines like this. The adepts and mystics connected with the magazine will put articles and items in it each month that will prove of great value to every aspiring and enterprising soul.

DEXTER V., born May 3, 1847.—You were born under the sign of Taurus and are a remarkable person in many respects. Up to 1898 you had a most violent temper, when the spiritual forces took hold of you to keep you from tearing your body to pieces, and you became a new man. The planets from now on will influence you for great strength, and you will do a grand and good work the rest of your life, which will extend for a great many years. You are destined to be a leader of men. General U. S. Grant was born in the Taurus sign and was a true example of the Taurus nature. I will write you a personal letter, and would like to have you read this magazine regularly, as it can help anyone who desires to grow and develop and have abundant success.

DR. W. B., born April 2, 1833.—You were born in the sign of Aries. This is a grand sign. I see by your card you are a physician, and you ought to be a very excellent one; you would also have made a good minister of the Gospel. In India, you would have been advised to become a SWAMI (a Yogi Priest). The Yogis worship in all the religions of this world; they are universal and say all religions are good. We are very broad and liberal, and live on the universal plane. Aries people, when educated, take very kindly to the teachings of the Yogi as-

trologers, seers, adepts, sages and Swamis. A GURN (teacher) always is delighted with his pupil when born in Aries. I will write you a personal letter, doctor, as I have a mystic word to convey to you.

LITTLE MAN, born Feb. 1, 1899.—You were born in the sign of Aquarius and I am more than pleased that your wise parents have asked me to write something for you. If all parents would consult a well qualified astrologer about their children and would follow his advice it would be a great blessing to them and the children. Now, my dear "little man," you are a soul that has come to this planet at a most wonderful period. I find that the planetary conditions at your birth were very good, and that your life here this time promises to be a very happy one. You were born in the realm of art, literature and science. Your parents must be very kind and loving to you, and not try to dominate your very fine organization with their ideas. Each soul has a God-given right to be left to itself in most things and work out its own progress. Parents often weaken and destroy the will and spirit of a little one by too strict and too harsh rules. All children should be governed by intense love. You came at the very dawn of the twentieth century, and the stars show that you will have health, prosperity and a long and useful life. May the peace and blessings of all the Yogis of the universe be ever with you, my blessed child. He who loves children and old people and animals will ever have the blessings of the Blessed One.

Here closes this month's instalment of delineations. I cordially invite the subscribers of this magazine to write me the year, month and date of their births and any questions they may desire to ask, and I will gladly give them a brief delineation. Address your letters to

PROFESSOR YOGIANANDA,  
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,  
223 William street, New York.

## A Grand Opportunity

The regular subscription price to THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES is \$1, but if you send your subscription at once, before June 1, 1901, you can get it *one whole year* for only 25 cents. This remarkably low offer is made to get our magazine quickly introduced. Send your subscription with 25 cents today.

## The Spirits Explain

BODIES OF LUMINIFEROUS ETHER ENCLOSED  
IN OUR FLESH-AND-BLOOD BODIES

SEVERAL explanations are given of the extraordinary manifestations of Mrs. Piper. The accepted theory of Dr. Hodgson and other members of the Society for Psychical Research is that she is a sort of telephone or transmitter, and it is said that as investigation proceeds the difficulties in the way of clear communication are gradually discovered and explained, and will probably be greatly diminished in the years to come, says Mary Blossom, in Everybody's Magazine. The statements of "communicators" as to what occurs on the physical side may be briefly mentioned: We all have bodies composed of "luminiferous ether" enclosed in our flesh-and-blood bodies. The relation of Mrs. Piper's ethereal body to the ethereal world in which the "communicators" claim to dwell is such that a special store of peculiar energy is accumulated in connection with her organism, and this appears to them as "a light." Mrs. Piper's ethereal body is removed by them, and her ordinary body appears as a shell filled with this "light." Several "communicators" may be in contact with this light at the same time. Upon the amount and brightness of this light the communications depend. When Mrs. Piper is in ill health the "light" is feeble and the communications tend to be less coherent. "G. P." says: "You to us are more like as we understand sleep; you look shut up as one in prison, and in order for us to get into communication with you we have to enter into your sphere, as one like yourself, asleep. This is just why we make mistakes, as you call them, or get confused and muddled, so to put it."

## Christian Science Invades Germany

A RECENT cable despatch from Berlin to the New York papers says: Church circles are much excited over the assertion of a leading Protestant organ in Germany that "the so-called Christian Science that has been imported from America" is making inroads in high circles.



## About the Stars and Planets

*How They Influence Our Lives*

### Neptune Startles the World

By R. B. Higbee, in *The Adept*

**W**ITHIN the last sixty years there has appeared among the heavenly bodies a new planet, namely, Neptune. Though small, new, and as yet but little understood, it has made its appearance felt upon this stage of action already.

Look about you; see the changes in thought; see the men and societies that are becoming interested and developers in occult wisdom. There was a time when the Hindus and adepts of the high caste in India were supposed to possess all the secrets of occult power, but not so to-day. Nature has made a change; she has planned to distribute this knowledge abroad, and she is doing it rapidly and well.

Men are realizing that a power is at work, and they are digging, running and searching for it everywhere. Every thread that bears the slightest sign of hope is stretched to its fullest tension. One goes after Spiritualism; one after Astrology; another after Hypnotism, and still another after Christian Science; and yet another after Clairvoyance. All are in search for a power they feel and know is about among them; but where and how, or the looks of the thing, if it be a thing, they cannot tell.

Well, now! This is a pretty how-to-do for a world of people who have stood and prided themselves as independent beings and possessed of the power to do everything they pleased; who have declared there was no law but their own; who have been confident that their every plan could and would be accomplished by their own efforts. Well! well! who is to blame for this commotion?

All kinds and classes of men have been at work for years, and at last it is decided that Neptune (poor little Neptune!) is all to blame, and right they are; and when you have your horoscope written, don't forget to have the astrologer tell you all he can about Neptune.

Neptune is the star, as it were, which has appeared to tell of a great change in the "tide and affairs of men."

Uranus is an occult planet, but it took little Neptune to set the fires a-going, and now they are burning fast, and he who develops and comes into the grand and wonderful power and knowledge of this new planet, even though it be in a small degree, is on the road to success, for he will then learn that there is a God above us who does rule the universe, and who is just and good; and will we but seek the knowledge He will freely and gladly give, that we may all come into a better understanding of occult truths, which are but the finer and higher expressions of God's will and power.

God rules the people, conditions and elements on this our planet by the influence of the other planets which we have so thickly about us. We know that the eight great planets have most to do at the present time, just as for many years in the past, in the making and shaping of our lives. But Neptune has appeared and startled the world—that is, she has set it to thinking, to studying and, last but not least, reflecting—and among the greatest minds it is conceded that Neptune is the cause; and it is believed that she has appeared to prepare the world for a great change not only as to living but as to religion. She will be a forerunner of a new religion, a new acquaintance with the Almighty Spirit which pervades this planet and the others, and which makes us brothers and sisters to each other.

It will teach us not to fear God, but to love Him, and to feel that in time His purpose and object toward us will be made clear. The man who goes to the woods or fields or brookside, or down into the forest dale, or out on the sunny plain, to commune with his God is the religious man; and shall, by seeking, come into the possession of occult truths, which will release him from the bondage of the planet and make him well and strong and happy and prosperous, as God would have made him in his earthly condition.

If I have said but little, however, remember that the age of occult power development and understanding is upon us, and as you go out to your work to-morrow morning,

and as you work, and return home, and as you sit with your family drawn about you, breathe a breath of tenderness and ponder this question in your mind and enter into the occult vibrations, that you may understand more of God's wisdom and realize that to-day and this life is not all, but just the primary development of the transition.

[Yogiananda, the Blissful Prophet, predicts that within a few years man is to be comparatively free from disease, poverty and drudgery. All of the stars and planets, according to astrological seers, will help this planet from now on. Read next month's issue of this magazine for some grand occult truths.—EDITOR.]

### The New Star Wonderful

By Mary Proctor

APPARENTLY the new star in Perseus, which has attracted so much attention lately since its discovery by Dr. T. D. Anderson, has come to stay a while, and is a most welcome guest. It shares the honors with Mars in the evening skies, and astronomers at all the leading observatories are vying with each other in paying their respects to the latest arrival in stardom.

It is true it has faded somewhat since it made its astronomical debut, for then it shone with a lustre rivaling that of the bright first magnitude star Capella, while now it is but a fourth magnitude star and a ghost of its former self. The brief story of its career so far as we can trace it has been furnished by the valuable photographic plates which are taken on each clear night at the Harvard Observatory, Cambridge.

The moment the news concerning the new star was received at the observatory, Mrs. Fleming, who is curator of the photographic department, hastened to consult these records of the stars in search of facts concerning the new star. Her keen eyes soon spied the little stranger occupying a conspicuous position among the other stars, in a place where no star had previously been seen.

She found that on and before February 19, 1901, the star had been invisible, or, at least, fainter than the eleventh magnitude, and was therefore not bright enough to have its picture taken. It increased in brilliancy until February 4, when it reached the zenith of its glory, and then diminished so that on February 25 it was not quite as bright as Capella.

Although we have only lately become aware of the existence of the new star in Perseus, yet the catastrophe which made its presence known to us may have taken place several years ago. The stars are placed at distances so great that, although light travels at a rate which would suffice to circle this earth eight times in the course of a second, yet it takes years in speeding across the vast abyss which separates us from even the nearest star.

Therefore, the message may have been years on its way, but it reached us only a few days ago. Not until then did we know that a fearful disaster had taken place in the star depths, by which a whole system of worlds may have been destroyed. Every star is a sun, and probably the centre of a solar system like our own, and swaying by its attraction other worlds like ours.

Now, let us try to realize the extent of the fearful catastrophe which has befallen the new star in Perseus. It has suddenly blazed out with probably several hundred times its former lustre. What would happen if the bright star which illumines our planet were to experience a similar fate? To quote my father's words in an article written several years ago, about "Suns in Flames:"

If our sun were to increase as greatly in light and heat, the creatures on the side of our earth turned toward him at the time would be destroyed in an instant. Those on the dark or night hemisphere would not have to wait for their turn till the earth by rotating carried them into view of the destroying sun. In much briefer space, the effect of his fires would be felt all over the earth's surface. The heavens would be dissolved and the elements would melt with fervent heat.

In fact, no description of such a catastrophe as affecting the night half of the earth could be possibly more effective and poetical than St. Peter's account of the day of the

Lord, coming as a "thief in the night," in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein being burned up.

### Are the Planets Inhabited?

SIGNALS TO MARS

In a recent address before the Astronomical Society of France M. Flammarion declared that the hypothesis that the planet Mars was inhabited by human beings was in no wise absurd and that it could be scientifically maintained. In the very brief report of his remarks the word *hypothesis* is put in italics, presumably to indicate that in the lecturer's mind some doubts have arisen. M. Flammarion also discussed methods of communicating with the hypothetical inhabitants and discussed two principal systems. The first is to throw from the earth a powerful beam of electric light on Mars, and to send rhythmic signals, like *one, two, three, four*, etc. Such signals would have to be simple, it was pointed out. Another system of attracting the attention of our sister planet would be to place permanent lights of great brilliancy at points on the earth's surface—Bordeaux, Marseilles, Strasburg, Paris, Amsterdam, Copenhagen and Stockholm, for example—so as to mark out the constellation figure of the Great Dipper. The second plan puts the responsibility upon the Martians. "How could they fail," says M. Flammarion, "to recognize such a representation as exhibiting a purpose?"

No one who is at all acquainted with the course of animal development on the earth can fail to see that the inhabitants of Mars, if they exist, may not be human beings at all, but great saurians, hippopotami, or other beasts. The markings called "canals" may be the paths used by them in their annual migrations in search of food. An electric beam falling on the back of a huge Martian lizard might possibly excite him lazily to lift a huge foot to brush off a hypothetical Martian gadfly. As the atmosphere of Mars in all probability contains little or no true air, and some carbonic acid gas, this "hypothesis" is no more absurd than the former, and perhaps it might be scientifically maintained also. The comment of those who have given most attention to the subject will probably be that it is well to accumulate by patient observation more facts before proceeding to speculations that are unquestionably premature.

### The World Beautiful

SAYINGS OF A GREAT YOGI SEER

THE advanced thinkers—the up-to-date men and women—are doing much for progress and are making the world more beautiful.

Such occult souls as Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Lillian Whiting are working wonders.

The Psychic Adepts connected with this magazine are all past masters in occult science. They believe this world should be as beautiful as a delightful spring morning.

Away with fear, sadness, mourning and sorrowful thoughts.

Now is the time to be happy.

The future state for ALL, will be ALL right.

The Adepts know the soul is immortal—eternal; they don't believe it is, but know so.

They know there is not an angry, avenging, wrathful God; they do know there is a God of Mighty Power who rules this grand universe, who is ALL LOVE, ALL TENDER MERCY, GENTLENESS AND KINDNESS.

Beautiful and wonderful manifestations of psychic power are being made all the time now. Remember, we have just entered the NEW GRAND CYCLE.

The world from now on is to be a very beautiful planet.

### Everything Lovely

THE world is as bright to-day as when

The Lord in the heavens made it;  
There are more birds singing in every glen,  
And more bright roses braid it.

It has less of sorrow and less of strife,

Whatever they say or sing you;

And more of love and more of life

The beautiful seasons bring you!

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE longer I live and the more I see

Of the struggle of souls to the heights

above,  
The stronger this truth comes home to me:  
That the universe rests on the shoulders of

love—  
A love so limitless, deep and broad,  
That men have renamed it and called it

God.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



## Palmistry



HAVE you ever had your hand read by a well-qualified reader of palms? Such readings are always interesting and instructive, especially if the reader is a Psychic Palmist.

The hand is a true index to character, and Palmistry is a science counting numerous adepts. This occult science occupies an important place in the most civilized nations. According to adepts in this science the hand is to man that which the leaf is to the tree; it is the servant to the other organs, and the lines traced on it, the feel and temperature, are not the result of accident.

There are a large number of excellent works published on this science, and in a future issue of this magazine we intend to open a department of Palmistry, which will be of interest to our readers. One feature of this department will be to guide students in Palmistry as to the best works to study, as well as directions how to profitably engage in the business of a professional reader of palms.

## Hypnotism or Mesmerism

HYPNOTISM is the power of one will over another. Any persistent, determined person is hypnotic. All successful salesmen who by sheer will power make a customer buy goods is practicing hypnotism, whether he knows it or not.

As a rule, the practice of hypnotism is weakening in the end, and often operators in it become in a few years mental and physical wrecks, because they do not understand or rightly use this tremendous force or power—of will.

It is more powerful than electricity. You can light and heat your house with electricity and you can also kill with it. So with hypnotism, it is very good and it is very bad.

It is bad, very bad, to make a weaker or negative mind bend to your positive mind—both bad for the subject you influence and bad for yourself, because the hypnotic power reacts on the operator.

That is the reason that many salesmen who use hypnotism become tired and fatigued with a few hours' work—often drink alcoholic beverages to excess.

The higher law always exacts penalties for wrongdoing, and no one can escape this law. It is, therefore, of vital importance that one use hypnotism with care and honesty, and thus avoid the insane asylum, an early death or drunkenness.

We intend to print a good deal about hypnotism or mesmerism in this magazine from time to time, showing what a grand and wonderful power it is for good and also how dangerous it is for bad.

## Be a Master of Fortune

IN these prosperous times it is easier than it ever was before to acquire a fortune. But it requires now more of mind than of muscle to be a master of fortune than formerly.

Hence, how important it is to develop the brains and mind.

Mental and psychic development is what counts these days.

The power of soul, the power of heart and the power of brain when fully developed, fully equalized and fully harmonized make us masters of fortune.

## Between the Lines

SHOULD you with Truth's most subtle key  
Unlock the doors of mystery,  
And with the eye of wisdom scan  
The wonderful, creative plan;  
Yea, should your Light, with power sublime,  
Pierce through the walls of sense and time,  
And, bursting through the veil of tears,  
Live in the bliss of endless years—  
God's presence must absorb your mind,  
And, earth's toy magnets left behind,  
Updrawn into the soul's free air,  
Sweet atmosphere of answered prayer,  
There you shall read on Life's pure page  
The themes which angel harps engage—  
Twist every letter, word and line—  
The quickening power of Love divine.

[The above was inscribed by Charles G. McKenzie in a copy of "Between the Lines" which he presented to a friend.—EDITOR.]

THINK much about the Golden Rule. That rule covers the whole ground and can furnish a million suggestions for doing good. The man or woman who literally lives by that rule does not know what pain or disease is.

## Hypnotized, Had No Pain Under Knife

DAINGEROUS OPERATION PERFORMED WITH SUCCESS IN CHICAGO

SHAKING with nervousness, yet unconscious of aught save the doctor's word of command, Thomas Franklin, of Custer Park, in a hypnotic trance, lay on an operating table in the office of Dr. H. L. Nahin, recently, while a dangerous operation was performed upon him.

At times the man's trembling was so violent that the table was shaken; yet no sound came from his lips, and his hands lay peacefully upon his breast.

When the knife was applied huge drops of sweat stood on his forehead; large tears coursed down his cheeks, his face became set and drawn, yet he did not flinch, and his breathing was deep and regular.

When awakened at the conclusion of the operation, he said: "I have suffered no pain. I feel as well as ever."

"There is no question," said Dr. Nahin, "but that hypnotism will entirely replace anesthetics."

## How Adepts Get Force and Power

THE real occult adept acquires his wonderful clairvoyant and psychic powers by never getting discouraged—no matter what happens. They live very clean and pure lives and work and study silently and patiently with joy and peace in their souls and hearts.

They put fresh heart into all they do by frequently repeating this mystic verse:

"Every day is a fresh beginning;  
Every morn is the world made new.  
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,  
Here is a beautiful hope for you—  
A hope for me and a hope for you."

## Psychic Success

LET a man hope for any great and noble thing—high success in business or in art, the love of a true woman, his children's growth in every spiritual grace, the advance of some good cause, the destruction of some vested wrong, the triumph of some glorious principle, the opportunity of an immortal life—and the strength and greatness of that hope will pass into his soul.—J. W. Chadwick.

## Can't Be a Hypnotist Without a Permit

IN order to deprive criminals of the chance to allege hypnotic influence as an excuse, the German Government has issued an ordinance forbidding hypnotism to be practiced except under a special permit from the Sanitary Department.

## Why We Fail

IF you think failure it will surely come. Adepts and Masters of Success don't go at things in a half-hearted way.

A wise and great man once said:  
Nothing of worth or weight can be achieved with half a mind, with a faint heart, with a lame endeavor.

## \$4,000 by Thinking

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALER TELLS HOW HE COLLECTS DEBT

THE simple and original business methods of the Christian Science healer, Dr. George Tomkins, were made public the other day at the hearing before a master in chancery in Camden, N. J. Dr. Tomkins said he collected bad notes by the same methods that he cured ill-health, namely, mind treatment. "Time and thought," said the doctor, "and a few letters."

Some time ago the doctor obtained possession of notes to the amount of \$4,000 belonging to Miss Katie McCulloch, who was taking treatment of him for deafness. When Miss McCulloch asked for an account of the notes entrusted to the healer he told her to keep herself harmonious and not to worry. The hearing was to decide what commission was due the doctor for their collection.

Under the cross-examination of William T. Boyle, Dr. Tomkins said that his method of collection consisted of writing a few letters, locking himself in a room and bringing his mind to bear upon the tardy debtors. They did not respond at first, but after a while his treatment had its effect, and they came up and paid the money.

The doctor stiffened himself and flushed with indignation at the levity which prevailed during his elucidation of his collecting methods.

## Don't Lose Your Magnetic Power

EVERYONE has more or less magnetic power.

The quickest way to lose personal magnetism is to be a croaker—a kicker.

People who are chronic whiners, grumblers and croakers are never truly magnetic.

If the croaker must croak let him retire to his closet, close the door and croak to himself.

The present prosperous time is a time of hope, and let us have no dyspeptic prophecies to mar the sanguine spirit of the hour.

Personal magnetism is a grand and helpful force, and no grumbler ever had it.

## Hypnotized Over Long Distance Telephone

TWO YOUNG MEN PUT TO SLEEP BY THE SINGLE WORD "DROP!"

A PRIVATE hypnotic exhibition was recently given in Houston, Tex., by Prof. Lawrence Kenner, in which two young men were put into a hypnotic sleep under very peculiar circumstances.

Going to Beaumont, Tex., Professor Kenner arranged to have two telephones connected with the same wire in readiness at the Tremont Hotel at Houston.

Two young men took down the receivers in the hotel, and, after a few words of preliminary conversation, Kenner said: "Drop!" Both young men fell into the arms of attendants standing behind them, and physicians, including the city and county health officers, having put them through some very severe tests, agreed that the young men were undoubtedly hypnotized.

Two hours and a half later the hypnotist stepped into the Tremont Hotel and awakened the sleeping men, who seemed none the worse for their sleep.

## Great Secrets to Be Revealed

By Arthur Edward Waite

THE time has come when that which was muttered in darkness may be declared plainly in the full face of day, and when that which was whispered in the ear can be proclaimed on the housetop. The tremendous secrets of spiritual alchemy are about to surrender at discretion to the searching investigation of the sympathetic and impartial student at work in the cause of truth. I can promise that nothing shall be held back from those true sons of the doctrine, the sincere seekers after light who are prepared to approach the supreme arcana of the psychic world with a clean heart and an earnest aim.

[We will print in the next issue of this magazine some wonderful psychic secrets of the Adepts.—EDITOR.]

## Napoleon and Dreams

IN reading history we find the great Napoleon was always deeply interested in the meaning of dreams and the value of "presentiments."

The readers of this magazine are invited to send to our Dream Editor the account of any remarkable dreams that have come true, warnings of death, accidents, danger, etc., that have come in dreams and presentiments. We intend to make this a valuable feature of our magazine.

Address all communications about dreams to Dream Editor, Editorial Department of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.

## Dream Unites Mother and Son After 11 Years

YOUNG MAN'S STORY, PRINTED IN A BOSTON PAPER, BRINGS A LETTER FROM HIS PARENT

BINGHAMTON, April 11.—A story of a mother and son who were reunited through the medium of a dream has come to light here.

John H. Gallagher, now twenty years old, was left in a Boston foundling hospital when a child. His mother visited him until eleven years ago. He left the asylum and came to Binghamton, where he has since lived.

Four weeks ago he dreamed his mother was alive in Boston, and the story, printed in a Binghamton paper, was copied in Boston and seen by the mother. She wrote to her son, and he will soon join her in Boston.—Associated Press Dispatch.

MOST men fail of their moral growth by the attempt to extend their own self too far; most women, by attempting to contract it too much.—Theodore Parker.

BE more prompt to visit thy friend when in adversity than in prosperity.—Chilo.



## Washington's Mystery—Exploits of the Dashing, Dark-Eyed Daughter of the Russian Ambassador

THE AMBITIONS AND ANTICS OF THIS BEAUTIFUL GIRL HAVE CARRIED CONSTERNATION INTO SOCIETY AT THE NATION'S CAPITAL

THE exploits of the Countess Cassini, daughter of the Russian Ambassador, are many and varied. She is not by nature calculated ever to remain quietly in the background. In the full blaze of the footlights, with the appreciative audience of the fashionable world applauding, is the rôle she seems destined to fill. Certainly it is, so far as Washington society is concerned. The lovely Countess is hardly twenty-one, yet she is already the best known woman, old or young, in the Diplomatic Corps.

Her latest and greatest sensation culminated in two episodes at President McKinley's Inauguration. The first was the Russian Ambassador's refusal to attend the ceremonies because of a fancied affront to his little Countess. Then later matters were further complicated by her appearance in the Senate gallery while the Vice-President took the oath of office. Her presence there while the Russian Ambassador absented himself from the Diplomatic group that surrounded the Chief Executive was marked and noted everywhere. And behind all this there hangs a tale—a story of intrigue, infatuation and mystery.

Countess Marguerite Cassini's eccentricities are, for the most part, entirely harmless ones, incited by a girlish fancy and the innate taste for social prominence, which, with regard to her attempted ruling in the matter of the Diplomatic dinner at the White House, led to disastrous defeat. Since the time of Catherine the Great there have been Russian women of the nobility who have seemed born to lead, to attract to themselves attention and to gather about them a coterie of distinguished admirers. And so it is with Countess Cassini. There is hardly an unmarried man of the Diplomatic Corps but would play the rôle of her devoted slave would she allow it. But the Countess is autocratic, and she is ambitious. It is very well for the present to have a swarm of Diplomatic admirers. But when it comes to thought of marriage, the Countess Cassini is neither likely to take up with a title without money nor money without a title.

Countess Cassini, naturally fond of adventure, fearless and self-reliant, scored a success as the first woman of the smart set in Washington to run an automobile. While the others were thinking about it and spinning around the miles of smooth asphalt almost with their hearts in their mouths, under the guidance of a professional automobilist, Countess Cassini had dashed into this new phase of fashionable locomotion, and, radiant with a certificate of expertness, whispered into the ear of the Russian Ambassador that of all things for which her heart yearned was an automobile of her very own. Then before his dazzled eyes she displayed the certificate.

And—well, it was with this as with all else for which she asks the Ambassador. The automobile was forthwith purchased, and the Count now is also an expert, having another of his own. Did his beautiful young daughter cry, like the prince in the fable, for the moon, he would instantaneously try to pull it down for her. He indulges her every whim, and has done so ever since she could toddle and make every imaginable infantile extravagant demand upon him.

Her latest fad is for red-brown hair in preference to her natural abundance of dusky hair, which accords most naturally with her big black eyes, wherewith she creates such havoc among the *jeunesse dorée* in society. The Countess is decidedly piquant looking with any color hair she may elect to choose *pro tem*. She is accomplished not only as a linguist, but is a most delightful musician, playing not only on the piano, but upon a multiplicity of stringed instruments with coquetry.

Just after the Lenten season began and the usual run of entertaining slackened somewhat, Countess Cassini, ever on the look-out for the novel, decided to give a luncheon to Madame Ferrouh Bey, wife of the Turkish Minister, who, since her arrival in this country, has never stepped her foot across other than her own threshold. How she ever won the Minister's consent for his wife to go is a mystery. But she did, and when the Turkish lady arrived, attended by several Turkish attendants, as closely veiled as herself, they were hurried with all speed from the carriages up the steps of the Embassy, through the waiting crowd and into the house. It had been one of the stipulations of Madame's attending the luncheon that she should see no men; not even the Ambassador was present

at the feast. The servants of the Embassy were banished for the day, as they are all men, and it was with extreme difficulty that the Countess was able to secure the services of as many skilled waitresses as she desired on that occasion. As the wife of the Turkish Minister understands no English, French was spoken by everyone, and the occasion passed off most happily.

There is no woman in Washington who can compete with Countess Cassini in the number and beauty of her dogs. There are six of them, all white, all poodles, but of a rare Russian breed entirely unfamiliar in this city, and consequently when Countess Cassini takes a fancy for an airing on foot in fine weather, accompanied by her six white poodles held in leash, she attracts almost as much attention along the fashionable thoroughfares as would Barnum's hippodrome through a country town. They are clever little beasts, each with an utterly unpronounceable Russian name, and with apparently almost as comprehensive a knowledge of the Russian and French vocabulary as their mistress, who invariably makes a running fire of comment, expostulation and admiration in these two languages when the poodles are with her for an airing.

Countess Cassini, upon her arrival in Washington at the time of the Ambassador's appointment here, was simply Miss Marguerite Cassini. When society questioned regarding her, it was told by the Ambassador that the young girl, not then out, was the daughter of a favorite nephew, who, dying when she was an infant, had willed her to him. With her governess, a stout, elderly Russian, the Countess Marguerite has lived in the Ambassador's household since she was in long clothes, traveling about wherever, in the course of his diplomatic career, he was assigned to duty.

It seems to be generally understood that for several years past Count Cassini has been a widower, with several grown children in his native land, so, knowing his fondness for the pretty young creature to whom he was so devoted, society was not in the least surprised when it learned a year since that the niece and adopted daughter had been legally adopted as his own. The Czar, who holds Count Cassini in highest esteem, conferred upon her not only the hereditary title of Countess Cassini, but endowed her with especial honors which, as the head of the Ambassador's household, would give to her at all public functions the rank and precedence of an Ambassador's wife.

Not only was this unusual, but so directly contrary to the usages of all the Courts of Europe, that the Diplomatic Corps as a body rose in indignation and declined to abide by it. The Countess is a wayward little body, with a mind of her own and a determination calculated to make her at times go to unlooked-for extremes in matters. Count Cassini finds his hands, in consequence, decidedly full in trying to hold her back from certain things of which his maturer sense and wider experience cannot approve.

It was so with regard to this matter of precedence for his adopted daughter on state occasions. He would have been quite content with the conferring of the hereditary title. But the Countess thought otherwise, and not only scoffed in private at the attitude of the Corps in the matter, but spoke openly and unreservedly among her friends in society of her intention to insist upon being accorded all the honors with which the Czar had endowed her.

That was in the early summer. When the Corps got back to Washington, in the autumn, a meeting of the Ambassadors was called for the purpose of at once and forever settling the matter. This was done by the dean of the Corps, Lord Pauncefote, issuing invitations for a dinner party at which the Russian Ambassador and the pretty Countess were present. The latter was assigned at table a place among the other young people present, to which no official significance could be made to attach, even in the most enterprising mind. This dinner was followed the next week by one at the French Embassy, when M. Cambon followed the same course, and the third week by one at the German Embassy, when the seating of Dr. von Holleben's guests was arranged upon the same plan.

Thus, so far as the Corps personally was concerned, the matter was settled. But there were rocks ahead. These showed above the surface when the invitations for the season's state dinners were sent out from the White House. Countess Cassini declared that she intended to rank next to Lady Pauncefote, and, it is understood, forced the Ambassador to use his influence at the White House toward this end. When she learned that her wishes were not to be complied with the Countess took the first train to New York, giving out that she was going to place herself under the care of a specialist. Forgetful of or ignoring all this,

however, the Countess while in New York was repeatedly chronicled as being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont, and so, of course, the smiles went around Washington society. The trip, however, was rendered unnecessary from the strategic standpoint, because, owing to the President's illness, the dinner invitations were recalled. Then the Countess came back and went on with her dancing and dining and automobiling and bicycling like an exceedingly well young woman for whom a specialist had either accomplished miracles or was not necessary at all.

Then came the Diplomatic dinner invitations, sent out for the second time, and the Countess, rather twitted by some of her friends upon her stand, openly announced that, as Lady Pauncefote was in court mourning, and so could not go the dinner; that, as the German Ambassador had no wife; that, as the French Ambassador's wife was safely on the other side of the ocean, and as the Italian Ambassador and his wife were also out of the city, she meant to walk in with the President, ahead of the wife of the Mexican Ambassador and all the other ladies of the Diplomatic Corps. Should this arrangement not prevail, she would, she declared, remain away from the dinner. For her to have done so would have put the Russian Ambassador in the extremely awkward position of giving a deliberate insult to the President of the United States. This would undoubtedly have resulted in his recall; so that, with the wilful young Countess on one side and this grave diplomatic situation on the other side, Count Cassini experienced some unusually bad quarters of an hour.

In the meanwhile, incited thereto by their wives, several of the Ministers Plenipotentiary, gossip has it, the Austrian and German element leading, went to the White House and had a conference with the President upon the matter. The result of this is well known. President McKinley emphatically stated that, in his administration, no unmarried woman should, on any occasion of state, take precedence of the matrons. Then the Russian Ambassador went to the White House on the morning of the dinner, and, after talking a while with the President, endeavoring to smooth over matters, went back to the Embassy asserting that his daughter would attend the dinner in the evening. And to the astonishment of the entire Corps, she did so, eating her humble pie with such a pretty grace that every man present actually felt sorry for her, and wondered what the next coup of this ambitious young girl would be.—World.

## The Siamese Virgin-Born God

THE Siamese had a Virgin-born God and Saviour whom they called Codom. His mother, a beautiful young virgin, being inspired from heaven, quitted the society of men and wandered into the most unfrequented parts of a great forest, there to await the coming of a god which had long been announced to mankind. While she was one day prostrate in prayer, she was impregnated by the sunbeams. She thereupon retired to the borders of a lake, between Siam and Cambodia, where she was delivered of a "heavenly boy," which she placed within the folds of a lotus, that opened to receive him. When the boy grew up he became a prodigy of wisdom, performed miracles, etc.

The incarnation of the angel destined to become Buddha took place in a spiritual manner. The elephant is the symbol of power and wisdom; and Buddha was considered the organ of divine wisdom and power. For these reasons Buddha is described by Buddhist legends as having descended from heaven in the form of an elephant to the place where the Virgin Maya, or Mary, was. But according to Chinese Buddhist writings, it was the Holy Ghost, or Shing-Shin, who descended in the Virgin Maya.—*Parallels in Different Religions.*

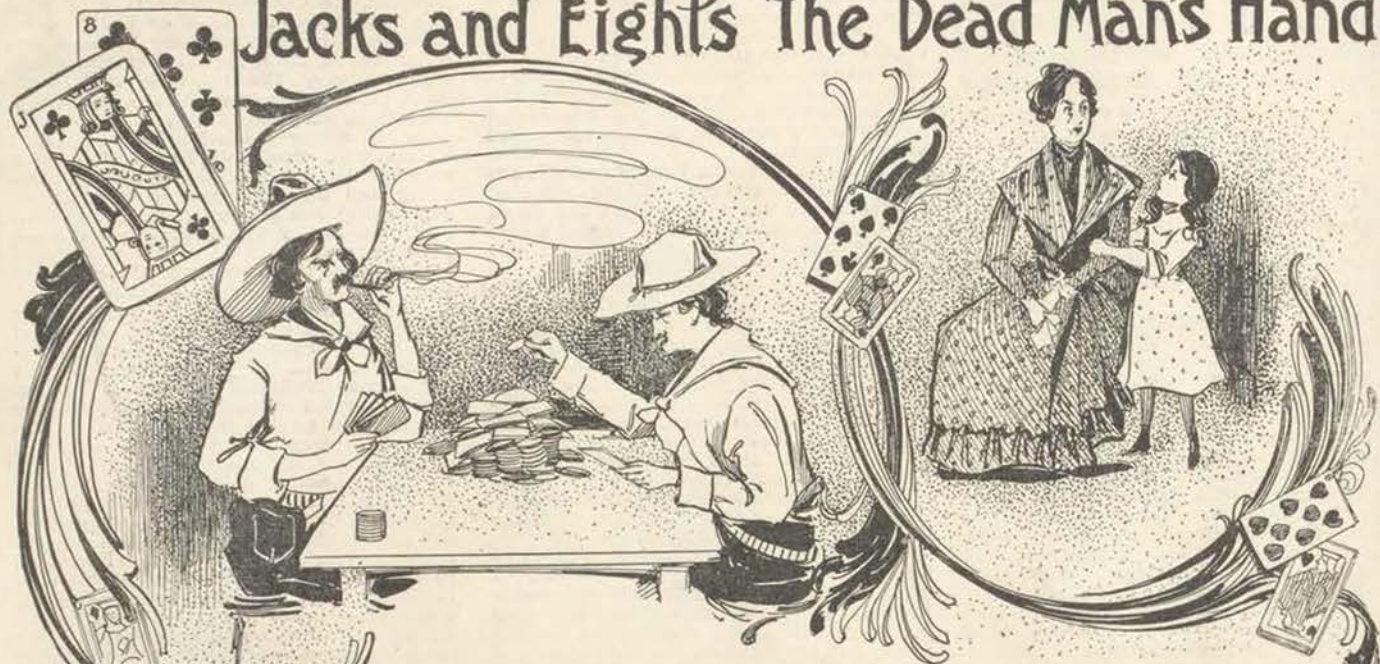
## What the Adepts Say

HABITS are formed like masonry. Every thought seems small, as every brick seems small. Your life is made up of little thoughts and deeds, any one of which is trivial; but the whole mass together makes a good or a bad man. Take heed: you build the walls of your character, day by day, not alone for this life, but for eternity.

MAN at his birth is supple and weak; at his death, firm and strong. So is it with all things. . . . Firmness and strength are the concomitants of death; softness and weakness the concomitants of life. Hence he who relies on his own strength shall not conquer.—*Tao-Te-King.*



# Jacks and Eights The Dead Man's Hand



Jacks and eights are regarded by professional poker players as invincible, and are known in the West as "The Dead Man's Hand."—Green Cloth Superstitions.

His soul passed on to the Far Away,  
And he cashed in his chips, as the gamblers say.

This is the prelude and this is the end;  
The story was told by the dead man's friend.  
You may call him a friend—oh, well, he'll do—  
Such friendships as that sometimes are true.  
They sat together and dealt the cards,  
And in frontier slang were known as "pards."  
The friend—and his name was "Gambler Jim"—

Was dark and nervous, tall and slim.  
He was quick to draw and quick to fire  
At the stranger who happened to raise his ire.

He was loud in talk and coarse in jest;  
Wicked and insolent e'en at his best—  
One of those lawless, devil-may-cares  
Who laugh at women and jeer at prayers.  
The other was gentle, quiet and meek—  
A queer little chap whom one seldom heard speak.

But when he spoke his voice was low.  
And his words had a sort of a musical flow.  
The boys called him "Parson," and "Deacon," too,  
And asked him to preach when the game was through.

But Tom, the "Parson," smiled and said  
He thought he would rather deal instead.  
Night after night he'd been playing there;  
Night after night he had left in despair.  
His ranch, his cattle had melted away—  
Gone, like the smoke, in the love of play.  
Stubbornly still he was making a stand  
To win back his horses, his cattle, his land.

A wee, winsome girl by her mother's side  
Sat watching and waiting, while both softly cried;  
Listening and listening for footsteps dear;  
Waiting and watching in hope and in fear.

The bets were quick and the stakes were high,  
For the limit there was a great blue sky.  
Money and horses, broncos and bulls,  
Changed hands back and forth on the flushes and fells;  
But on every new deal and on every new play  
Tom's horses and cattle kept melting away.  
"Just one more hand; 'tis the last to-night.  
Here's your chance, my boy, if you play them right."

These were the words of "Gambler Jim,"  
And the "Parson" smiled and looked at him.  
The cards were shuffled, the deal was made,

And someone, just a little afraid,  
Opened the jack pot easy and light,  
And the next man hoisted it out of sight!  
Round and round the board it went,  
Each one raising and each intent  
In bluffing his neighbor and raking the pile—  
All save the "Parson," who, with a smile,  
Raised each time as it came his turn.  
Gad! There were money and chips to burn!  
Gold, stacked up in a glittering heap;  
Silver and greenbacks—elbow deep;  
Tickets for cattle vouchers and dues;  
Checks and collateral and "I. O. U.'s."  
Everybody was in that pot,  
And everybody was bluffing hot.

At length the "Parson" pushed in all,  
And his form with weakness seemed to fall;  
His head on his hand he slowly bent,  
And his fate to cruel Fortune lent.  
The greatest bet of the night was there,  
And "Gambler Jim" rose up in his chair.  
He wrinkled his brow and he "skinned" his cards,

And he glanced around at his gambling pards.

One by one they "laid 'em down."  
"I'll call," says Jim, "if he does me brown.  
Now, whatcher got? I'll call yer bluff.  
Mine's deuces—say, ain't them enough?"  
But the "Parson's" soul had passed away—  
He had cashed in his chips, as the gamblers say.

So they turned up his cards to see what he had.

Jim scowled as he said, "Say, I feel kinder bad,  
But I'm glad that he won, for he made a good stand."

There were jacks and eights in the dead man's hand.

The gray streaked morn in the sullen east  
Glowed dull and low, like an angry beast.  
A wee, winsome girl and a mother, too,  
Had sat there and waited the long night through.

In the straggling rays of the daylight dim  
Was seen the gaunt figure of "Gambling Jim."

He blinked his eyes and his breath came hard

When he told of the death of his gambling pard;

And he poured the silver and gold on the floor,

And he choked as he never had choked before.

He gave the receipts for the cattle and land—  
All the wealth that was won by the dead man's hand.

This is the tale from beginning to end—  
The story as told by the dead man's friend.





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No. 2.

CONTAINING THE  
**MYSTERIES**

OF

**DREAMS**, and their Meaning

**GLORIFIED VISIONS**

**OCCULT POWERS**

**ASTROLOGY**

**HYPNOTISM**

**PSYCHOLOGY**

**TELEPATHY**

**PSYCHOMETRY**

**MAGNETISM**

**CLAIRVOYANCE**

**GRAPHOLOGY**

**PALMISTRY**

**HIDDEN POWERS**

**Etc., Etc., Etc.**



## The New York Magazine of Mysteries

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### June

BEAUTIFUL JUNE! Now creation is at flood-tide. Out into the air and sunshine of June, all ye weaklings, and get the strength of the creative forces which vibrate in June greater than in any other month in the year. The great adepts live much in the open air with Nature during the whole of June; the fields and forests are full of Life Forces in June.

### Our Sorrows

Time and patience will cure and heal all of our sorrows.

The great Henry Ward Beecher said: "Sorrows are often like clouds, which, though black when they are passing over us, when they are past become as if they were the garments of God thrown off in purple and gold along the sky."

Sorrow seems to be essential to our proper growth and development. How often we see some arrogant, purse-proud, dictatorial person made meek and lowly by sorrow!

### Kindness

SPEAK but a word of kindness

To a sorrow-stricken heart,  
And sympathy, with tender voice  
Bids half the pain depart.  
One little word of kindness,  
Oh! who can tell its worth,  
When misery's pall has shadowed  
A creature's path on earth?  
Just as a gleam of sunshine  
Across the frozen earth  
Awakes the sleeping flowers  
And calls them forth in birth,  
So may a word of kindness  
Wake depths in the human heart  
Unsounded depth, perchance that lay  
Concealed by sorrow's smart.  
One little word of kindness  
May prove a beacon bright  
For some poor pilgrim, storm-tossed  
On some bleak, dismal height.  
Oh! could we know the value  
Of every spoken word,  
Throughout the land, from east to west,  
But kind ones would be heard.

### A Good and Powerful Man

MR. CHARLES M. SCHWAB, the multi-millionaire, who now receives the enormous salary of ONE MILLION DOLLARS a year from the new big steel organization, is dearly loved by all his workmen.

Mr. Schwab was a laborer at small pay only a few years ago. The following traits tell the secret of his great success:

HE NEVER SWEARS.

NEVER LOSES HIS TEMPER.

IS A MILD AND GENTLE MAN.

TREATS ALL AS HIS EQUALS.

TALKS LITTLE, THOUGH NOT A "RESERVED" MAN.

HAS A KINDLY SMILE AND HANDSHAKE FOR EVERYONE HE KNOWS.

### Cure of Poverty

IN the next issue of this magazine we will give the "Cure of Poverty," by one of the greatest mystic adepts in the world. This secret writing has only recently been permissible by the Grand Order of Mystics, as it was not deemed wise to give it to the world until now.

Do you feel our vibrations when you read this magazine?

### Picture of the Saviour Bleeds

A RECENT despatch to the New York papers from Menominee, Mich., says: A most strange manifestation was witnessed by thousands of people in the home of an humble Polish family at Menominee, Mich.

Antone Czarnecki, a devout Christian, returned from church and knelt in prayer. On the wall was a picture of the Saviour on the cross. Upon looking up, he discovered blood trickling down outside of the glass from points where the hands and feet were pinned.

In great alarm he went for the priests, two of whom came and wiped the blood off, but it reappeared as fast as wiped away, running a distance of six inches.

Hundreds affirm the strange occurrence, and great consternation prevails. The house has been closed and no further visitors will be admitted.

So far no one can account for the phenomenon. Superstitious people believe it to be witchcraft. Bishop Eis has been sent for.

A later despatch from Menominee, Mich., says: An examination of the red spots on the famous bleeding picture has resulted in the discovery that they are coagulated blood. Dr. Venema, a leading physician, has declared so emphatically.

The statement of the poor Pole, Andrew Czarnecki, that the spots trickled from the crucifixion wounds of Christ while he prayed before it, is not contradicted. Rev. Drs. Cleary and Papon believe that it is a possible miracle, and are looking for another manifestation to confirm it.

Many people continue to visit the house, and strangers are coming from all parts of the Northwest to see the picture. The family has recently refused to take any money for the privilege, notwithstanding they are very poor.

It was reported that several drops of fresh blood were on the picture. It is also said that when some of the dried substance came in contact with fresh blood from a priest's wrist it resolved itself into what strongly resembled a portrait of the Saviour.

[So many strange phenomena are manifesting nowadays that it is hard to keep track of them, much less explain them. Will some of our adept psychical friends send us an explanation of the above?—EDITOR.]

### "How Many Long to Live After This Life Is Over?"

SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH ASKS THIS, TO LEARN HOW MANY DO NOT

"WOULD you prefer to live after death?" This is one of the questions which the Society for Psychical Research of Boston is sending out to thousands of persons of all sects and in many walks of life. The reason for the query seems to be to ascertain how many persons are like some of the East Indians, craving for extinction or "absorption in the absolute."

The society also wishes to know whether people desire another life like the present one, whether they long to be certain about the future life, or whether they would prefer to leave it as a matter of faith.

When all the replies are received statisticians will tabulate the result.

### A Wonderful Mirage or Vision

WHEN the steamer City of Chicago reached mid-lake a few days ago, on her way to St. Joseph, Mich., from Chicago, the passengers and crew were startled by a wonderful mirage.

The lookout discovered that from the bridge he could see Chicago and St. Joseph at the same time, that is, a distance of thirty miles in each direction.

The vividness of the vision on both shores was startling. The Montgomery Ward Tower, the Masonic Temple and the Ferris Wheel in Chicago were very plain, and the courthouse and several church spires in St. Joseph were equally visible. The vision lasted several minutes.

### A Good Resolution

LET every reader of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES resolve from now on to show more kindness and sympathy to every one of God's creatures—whether in the human form or the animal form. We should show much sympathy to dumb animals. The editors and writers for this magazine dearly love animals.

"ALL LIFE IS EQUAL IN THE ETERNAL EYE."

THIS magazine is a great success; it already has a large and wide-reaching circulation.

### Let Us Strive to Live to a Great Age

SOME RECORDS OF LONGEVITY



IFE, beautiful life—how we should value it while in the body and strive hard to keep the temple of the soul clean, pure, fine and lasting!

All mystic students in the Psychic or Soul Realm soon learn the lesson of the importance of holding the body a long time, and acquiring all the experience, knowledge and wisdom possible while we live on the EARTH PLANE.

Wise and good men and women who work to advance education, civilization, religion, philosophy and general progress live to great ages.

Read the following records of longevity recently printed as an editorial in the New York Sun:

The recent death of the French philanthropist, Pierre Lasserre, at the age of 101, has prompted the Paris papers to rake up some queer records in regard to longevity.

M. Legouvé, the Dean of the French Academy, is perhaps the youngest old man in the world. He has turned 90, but is still a fair billiard player and an accomplished fencer, able to lunge and recover with the vigor and activity of a young man. He is a professor in the art of "growing old," or rather of extending youth, and it would be difficult to find a professor with pupils that can beat his in their willingness to learn. His prescription is kindness, brotherly love, optimism, gaiety and happiness. "Be happy," said Legouvé, "for happiness prolongs life." Who that wants to prolong life could desire a more delicious medicine? But it recalls the peremptory order to the jester: "Be funny, sir, directly!"

Longevity is a subject that has been dealt with by many authors and also by many humbugs. Dr. Moire insisted that the surest way to live long was to avoid doctors. But it was after he had made his fortune that he promulgated that formula. It was Flourens who said: "Man does not die a natural death; he kills himself." Most of the doctors of longevity preach temperance.

In the "Galerie des Centenaires Anciens et Modernes" we find the names of Thomas Parr and Henry Jenkins, who are credited respectively with the ages of 152 and 169 years, and both of whom died by accident. Mlle. Jeanne Scrimphau was married when she was 127 and died when she was 128. Dr. Dufournel married when he was a hundred and sweet sixteen and became the happy father of two children. But he died when he was only 120. Marie Priou, of the Haute-Garonne, reached the age of 158. Mme. de Volmerange, of Metz, died at the age of 100. She was the mother of 24 children. Surgeon Politman, a native of Lorraine, celebrated his 140th birthday. The Irish Bluebeard, Patrick O'Neil, buried seven wives before he finally died, at the age of 120. The records also tell of a Norwegian peasant who died at 160, leaving two sons to lament his loss, one aged 108 and the other a promising little chap of nine summers.

Coming down to more recent times, we find that the late Queen Victoria in 1898 killed Mr. Robert Taylor when he was 134 by sending him her picture, signed by herself. The old fellow was so delighted that he died from emotion. An Irishman named Brown lived to be 120. The Frenchman, Espagnac, died at the age of 112. Durand d'Estivel, of Cahors, attributed his 128 years to taking an occasional dose of gunpowder instead of castor oil. A man of 114 years rarely ate anything except fruit, principally melons, and he constantly chewed lemon peel.

There is great consolation in the assertions of philosophers like Flourens, Jean Finot and others that the human machine is intended by nature to last at least 100 years.

### \$134,758,772 More in Circulation

ON May 1 the amount of money in circulation in this country was \$2,195,304,235. On May 1, 1900, it was \$2,060,525,463. This makes an increase for the year of \$134,758,772. The increase since April 1, 1901, amounted to \$8,060,655. If this money was divided among every man, woman and child in the United States each would receive \$28.31, as compared with \$26.58 on May 1 of last year. Read this magazine regularly and learn the occult truths about how to get your share of this great wealth.

DON'T be a MISFIT in the world. Learn to do some one thing well, and your work will be in great demand, and you will not be a misfit. —Frank Harrison.